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SAKUNTALA AND HER
KEEPSAKE

o the Great Lover of the English Shakespeare,

PROF. ISRAEL GOLLANCZ,

This Rendering from the Indian Shakespeare

is humbly dedicated.

PREFACE.

At the request of the Cambridge University Press through Mr. Arthur Symons, Editor of the *Athenæum*, I translated Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* in London between November, 1907 and January, 1908. The work in the MS. was read with great interest by Mr. Symons, who promised to write an Introduction to it. However, owing to circumstances, it was not published at the time.

For the use of Sanskrit students in our Universities as well as for general readers, I am having it published now. If my humble rendering in poetical prose and verse makes the prince of Indian poets widely appreciated, I shall deem myself amply rewarded.

KASINATH HOUSE,
BARNAGORE, CALCUTTA.
3rd November, 1914.

ROBY DATTA.

TO KALIDASA.

Kalidas!—O thou that showest Kanva's holy hermitage,
And the forest-maiden's wedding, and Durvasas' mighty rage :
Lover of the legends, glorying in the deeds of Raghu's line—
In the deeds of love and valour blazon'd by thy lays divine :
Chanter of the Mountain, piping Uma's birth in Mena's womb,
Uma married to her lover, and the demon Tarak's doom :
With thy pangs of parted passion, pining Yaksha youth serene !—
Thro' the lightning-laden cloud-bode comforting thy bosom's
queen :

Thou the panting Pururavas, with thy heavenward-lifted eye
Fixt in one bright look of longing on the daughter of the sky :
Landscape-gardener, weaving sweetly in one garland rare and dear
All the bloom of all the seasons rolling with the rolling year :
Thou that tellest Nala's story in one mazy-worded strain,
Showest Agnimitra's bosom cleft by twofold love in twain :
Thou with fingers dipt in visions all unseen, unknown before,
Master of a mighty fancy, lord of language and of lore :
Thou who seest One High Deity in the many deities known,
Thou who findest Nature guided by the hand of God alone :
Poet of the valley'd mountain, laughing woodland, dale and down,
Fountain, forest, river, ocean, hall and hamlet, thorp and town :
Now thy Sipra leaps no longer, faded high Ujjayin's blaze—
Tho' thy levin-flash of rhythm break thro' many a rumbling
phrase ;

Now the Crown of Crowns is fallen, fallen all the Jewels Nine—
All but thou, the pick'd of Vani, starting from her heart divine ;
All but thou, O music-moulder, thou the mighty man of sense,
Who for ever and for ever wilt be heard with reverence ;—
Lo, from out the land of sailors whilom for her fleet renown'd,
I, a mortal, dare to greet thee with immortal chaplet crown'd !

June, 1899.

[This is taken from the author's "Poems, Pictures and Songs."]

SAKUNTALA AND HER KEEPSAKE.

To this the good their ears should lean,—

The verdict “good” or “bad” is theirs;

For, in the fire the gold is seen,

If pure, or if some dross it bears.

(The Race of Raghu, Canto 1, v. 10.)

Because 'tis old, not all is full of merit;

Nor should a work, for newness, find reproval;

The good survey their choice, and then aver it;

The fool's wit follows other men's approval.

(Agnimitra and Malavika, Prol., v. 2.)

Out of courtesy to loving friends,

Or in high esteem a good thing taking,

Hear, O men, with ear that well attends,

This work of Kalidasa's making.

(Urvashi Won by Prowess, Prol., v. 2.)

TEXT OF THE PLAY.

The translation follows the text of the Devanagari recension, as edited by Mr. M. R. Kale of Bombay. The words or passages within brackets [] are from the Bengal recension, as edited by Prof. R. Pischel of Kiel. Words or passages found in the Devanagari recension alone are marked [D].

The directions within brackets [] as to time, place and action at the beginning of each Act, as to the interval between Acts or between a Prelude or Induction and an Act, and as to the arrangement of scenes within the Acts, are entirely the translator's own.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Men :—(a) Speakers of Sanskrit :

Dushyanta (Dussanda,—King Blamer), King of Hastinapura (Hatthinaura,—the City of Elephants).

The King's Charioteer.

Bhadrāsena (Bhaddāsena,—General Gentleforce), Head of the Army.

Vatayana (Vadaana,—Chamberlain Windway) or **Parvatayana** (Pavvadaana,—Parvatayana-son, *i. e.*, son of Chamberlain Hillway), the King's Chamberlain.

Somarata (Somarada,—Chaplain Offerdraught), the King's Chaplain.

Two Court Bards (in the Tiring-room).

Matali (Madali,—the God Drivemad), Charioteer of Indra.

A Brahmana (in the Prologue).

The Stage-Manager (in the Prologue).

An Actor (in the Epilogue).

Kanva (Kanna,—Sire Atomist), Chief Hermit, foster-father of Sakuntala, son of Kasyapa; also called Kasyapa (Kassava, *i. e.*, Kasyap-son).

Velkhanasa (Vekhanasa,—Brother Monk),

Saṅgarava (Sangaraa,—Brother Bowtwang),

Saradvata (Saraddada,—Brother Autumnly),

Goutama (Godama,—Brother Cowlikeson),

Narada (Naraa,—Brother Giveman) or
Harita (Harida,—Brother Pigeon)

} Hermits,
pupils of
Kanva.

Kasyapa (Kassava,—Sire Drinkjuice), Divine Hermit, father of Kanva, son of Marichi; also called Maricha (Maria, *i.e.* Marichi-son).

Galava (Galaa,—Brother Melter), a pupil of Kasyapa.

Other Hermits, Hermit Boys.

(b) Speakers of high-class Prakrit:

Sarvadamana (Savvadamana,—Prince Tameall) or **Bharata** (Bharada,—King Feeder), son of Dushyanta by Sakuntala.

Mathavya (Madhavva,—Jester Priestly), the King's Jester.

Reivataka (Readaa,—Porter Gaingold), the King's Porter.

Karabhaka (Karahaa,—Messenger Elephantling), a Messenger of the Queen-Mother.

Mitravasu (Mittavasu,—Inspector Friendwealth), Head of the Town Police, referred to as the "King's Brother-in-law."

(c) Speakers of low-class Prakrit:

Suchaka (Suaa,—Constable Informer),	} Constables.
Januka (Janua,—Constable Kneebad)	

Kumbhilaka (Kumbhilaa,—Master Burglar), a Fisherman.

Women (all speakers of high-class Prakrit):—

Sakuntala (Saundala,—Sister Birdslove), foster-daughter of Kanva, afterwards Queen of Dushyanta.

Anasuya (Anasua,—Sister Nospite),	} Maiden-friends of Sakuntala.
Priyamvada (Piamvada,—Sister Sweettongue)	

Goutami (Godami,—Madam Cowlikeson), a Holy Matron of Kanva's Hermitage.

Āditi (Aidi,—Madam Nolimit), wife of Kasyapa; also called Dakshayani, *i.e.*, daughter of Daksha.

Parabhritika (Parahudia,—Maid Foster- ling),	} Maids of the Royal Household.
Madhukarika (Mahuaria,—Maid Honey- wright),	
Chaturika (Chadugia,—Maid Tooclever) or Medhavini (Mehavini,—Maid Intelli- gent)	

Sanumati (Sanumadi,—the Nymph Dwellknoll) or Misrakesi (Missakesi,—the Nymph Minglelocks), a Divine Nymph, friend of Menaka the mother of Sakuntala.

Vetravati (Vettavadi,—Portress Holdcane), a Female Porter.

Greek Women.

Suvrata (Suvvada,—Sister Goodvow) and her friend, two Hermitesses of Kasyapa's Hermitage.

An Actress (in the Prologue).

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

The Dowager-Queen, mother of Dushyanta.

Hamsapadika (Hamsavadia,—Queen Swanfoot),	} Queens of Dushyanta.
Vasumati (Vasumadi,—Queen Holdwealth)	

Taralika (Taralia,—Maid Toofickle) or Pingalika (Pin-galia,—Maid Tootawny), Hand-maiden of Vasumati.

Pisuna (Pisuna,—Premier Telltale) or Visuddha (Visuddha,—Premier Quitepure) or Vasumat (Vasumanta,—Premier Holdwealth), Prime Minister and Treasurer of Dushyanta.

Dhanamitra (Dhanamitta,—Merchant Friendriches) or Dhanavridddhi (Dhanaviddhi,—Merchant Growriches), Head of a sea-trading Merchant-guild.

Indra (Inda,—the God Rainer) or Sakra (Sakka,—the God Powerful), King of the Gods.

Sachi (Sai,—the Goddess Power) or Poulomi (Polomi, *i.e.*, daughter of Puloman), Queen of the Gods.

Jayanta (Jaanda,—the God Winner), Prince of the Gods.

Kalanemi (Kalanemi,—the Demon Blackfelly) and his children, Giants, foes of the Gods.

Durvasas (Duvvasa,—the Sage Illclad), } Sages.
Narada (Naraa,—the Sage Giveman) }

Kousika (Kosia, *i.e.*, Kusik-son) or Visvamitra (Vissamitta,—the Sage Friendall), a Sage, father of Sakuntala.

Menaka (Menaa,—the Nymph Hinderess), a Divine Nymph, mother of Sakuntala.

Sakalya (Saalla, *i. e.*, Sakal-son), an aged Hermit in Kasyapa's Hermitage.

Markandeya (Makkandea, *i.e.*, Mrikandu-son) or Man-kanaka (Mankanaa,—Master Moveon), little son of a Sage, playmate of Sarvadamana.

SAKUNTALA AND HER KEEPSAKE.

PROLOGUE.

[ENTERING, A BRAHMAN INVOKES THE BENISON.]

(1) That which first the Maker made ;
 that which bears the offerings
 right-wrought ; that which offereth ;
And those twain that mark out time ;
 that which, known by what we hear,
 spreads to clasp the universe ;
That which is the cause, 'tis said,
 of ali seed ; and that which brings
 to all breathing life its breath ;—
With that eightfold form sublime,
 ever to the senses clear,
 may the Lord save you from curse.

([THIS SAID, GOES OUT] AT THE END OF THE BENISON.)

[*Then enters the Stage-Manager.*]

The Stage-Manager. [No use of speaking at too much length.] (*Looking towards the tiring-room*). Madam, if your tiring is finished, this way now—please come.

(*Entering*)

An Actress. Sir, I'm here. [Please command, sir ; what task's to be performed ?]

St.-M. Madam, [here, the initiating master of noted assemblies, the Sun of Prowess, He of Marked Valour, presiding,] worthy men mostly are in this gathering. To-day, indeed, with a work whose matter was strung by Kalidasa, the new play named "Sakuntala and her Keepsake," we are to entertain them. So, to every part please give heed.

Actss. As you've got up the play well, sir, 'twill be nowhit disliked.

St.-M. [*with a smile.*] Madam, I tell you the exact truth—

(2) Till we content the learned heart,
I deem not perfect all our skill in acting;
Even those full strongly train'd in art
Have a mind too self-suspecting.

Actss. [Sir,] so 'tis. What's to be done next, then please, sir, command.

St.-M. [Madam,] what else but to sate the ears of this gathering [with music]? [After pleasure to the ear caused by a bit of music, there is something to be done next.

Actss. Now then, which season shall I touch in singing?

St.-M. Madam,] so now, touching this very late-returned enjoyable summertime, please sing. For, now—

(3) 'Tis sweet to wend in waters shallow,
Grateful thro' touch of trumpet-flowers are wood-blown breezes,

Easy in shades doth slumber follow,
In days whose pleasance at the end increases.

Actss. [*D Right ! (This said,) sings.*]

(4) Kiss'd, kiss'd all lightly, lightly,
By the wheeling drones, those blossoms with the
thread-tops tender,

All into trinkets maidens sprightly,
With bosoms kind, the gum-tree blossoms render !

St.-M. Madam, well sung ! Oh, the mind's workings
bound by the melody, as in a picture seems [to shine]
the playhouse all round ! So now, what subject shall
we handle to greet them ?

Actss. O, what to these gentlefolk you gave out at first,
the matchless play named "Saundala and her Keepsake,"
let that in our acting be handled.

St.-M. Madam, right well have you reminded me. For
the moment, indeed, I had forgotten it. Why,

(5) All by the melody of your air
I'm charm'd perforce—so charming-sweet !—
Like King Dushyanta ravish'd there
By yonder dappled hart too fleet.

(This said, they go out).

(So ends the Prologue).

ACT I.

[PLACE—The Penance-Wood of Kanva.

TIME—Afternoon, in Early Summer.

ACTION—The First Meeting of the Lovers.]

[SCENE 1.—A Wooded Valley with a River at the foot of the Himalayas.]

(Then enters, following a deer, bow and arrows in hand, in a chariot, the King with his charioteer).

Charioteer (*looking at the King and the deer*). My long-lived King,

(6) Gazing upon the antelope

And you with firm-strung bow, mine eyes

As on the Pinak-bearer ope,

When following up his deer that flies.

King. Charioteer, far has this dappled hart drawn us away! There again! even now—

(7) Beautiful with neck full-bent,

oft and oft his eager eye

casting on the chasing car;

With the hind-half entering,

in the fear of falling shafts,

thro' his fore-frame all amain;

With the half-chew'd turf, that slips

from his mouth agape with toil,

strewing all his way afar;

Lo! with lofty-leaping speed,

in the air he fareth most,

little fareth on the plain.

[*With astonishment*]. How now, while I am following him up, has he become hardly visible to me?

Char. My long-lived King, the soil here being jutty, I have drawn in the reins and slackened the speed of the chariot, so this deer has got too far away from us. Now, going on even ground, he will not be out of your reach.

• **King.** So then, please loosen the reins.

Char. As is the command of your long-lived Highness. (*Noticing the speed of the chariot*). My long-lived King, see! [*D see!*]

(8) Their reins all loosen'd now, their fore-frames to the full outspread,

All still their yak-tail crests, their ears all motionless-upright,

Not even by the dust, which they themselves upraise, outflod,

They run, yon chariot-team, in envy of the deer's quick flight.

King (*joyfully*). In sooth, outstripping the bays of Surya and of Indra, on go the steeds. And so—

(9) What unto sight is small,
suddenly appears to be of mighty size;

What's in the middle cleft,
seems as tho' it were all seamless and all one;

What's by its nature bent,
even that is wholly straight-shaped to mine eyes;

To me is naught afar,
nor is naught anear awhile, so swift we run!

[*D Charioteer, see him being killed. (This said, acts an aim with his shaft).*]

(In the tiring-room.)

Ho! ho! thou King! this deer of the hermitage must not, must not be killed!

Char. *(listening and looking).* My long-lived King! in the way, indeed, of this antelope, come within the range of [the fall of] your dart, hermits are arrived.

King *(distractedly).* So then, please pull the steeds in.

Char. Right! *(This said, stops the chariot).*

(Then enters, with his pupils, Veikhanasa).

Veikhanasa *(lifting up his hand).* [Ho! ho!] thou King! this deer of the hermitage must not, must not be killed!

(10) Thou must never, never, surely,
 let fall thy dart on yonder
 Deer's all easy-yielding body,
 like fire on down in masses!
 Where, alas, the life all fickle
 of hapless stags! and ponder
 Where, again, thy shafts sharp-falling,
 whose strength no thunder passes!

(11) So, duly join'd unto the bow,
 O put away thine arrow bright;
 Thy weapon is to succour woe,
 And never innocence to smite.

King *(bowing).* Here have I put it away. *(This said, does as he said).*

Veikh. *(joyfully).* Like is this [,indeed,] unto the light of [Kings sprung from] Puru's race, such as your Highness is.

(12) Thou who wast born of Puru's line,
This sitteth very well in thee;
A son of equal worth be thine,
One who the King of Kings shall be.

King (*bowing*). Accepted [the word of a Brahman].

Veikh. O King, we are out gathering sacred fuel. Here, hard by the banks of the Malini, the hermitage of Kasyap-son, chief hermit, [with Sakuntala for its guardian goddess as it were,] is seen. Unless other business be put off, please go in [here] and accept a guest's dues. Moreover—

(13) The pleasing deeds of rigour
By sages wrought, of obstacles all free, surveying,
Thou wilt know how far the vigour
Of thine arm, with bow-string scarr'd, is swaying.

King. Is he near here, the chief hermit?

Veikh. Just now, having bade his daughter [*D Sakuntala*] look after guests, to appease her froward fate he is gone to the Shrine of the Moon.

King. Good! even her I am going to see. She, indeed, knowing my respect for the great sage, will speak to him.

Veikh. [So,] we go now. (*This said, goes out with his pupils*).

King. Charioteer, urge the horses on. By [the honour of] seeing the holy hermitage let us purify ourself [now].

Char. As is the command of your long-lived Highness (*Again notices the speed of the chariot*).

[SCENE 2.—The Outskirts of a Hermitage hard by the River.]

King (*looking all round*). Charioteer! even without being told, you know that these are the outskirts of [the hermitage of] a penance-wood.

Char. How so?

King. What! do you not see [,sir]? For, here—

(14) From mouths of cavities enwomb'd with
parrots, dropt,
grains of rice 'neath trees are found;
Plain, bruising fruits of hermit's-tree, oil-pressing stones
in some parts the eye doth mark ;
Thro' growing confidence, with all-unbroken gait,
deer endure the chariot's sound ;
And ways to poolward bent are deckt with drops arow
from down-trailing clothes of bark.

[Moreover,

(14a) With waves of dikes,
 that ripple in the wind,
 roots of branching trees are wash'd ;
 Varied the red
 of leaflets in their gleam
 by the butter-smoke's upflow ;
 Here, hitherwards,
 on grounds of outer wood,
 where the sprouts of turf are gash'd,
 All free of dread,
 the little ones of stags
 slowly, slowly graze and go.]

Char. All this is quite true.

King (*going a little distance*). Charioteer! to dwellers in the penance-wood let there be no disturbance; just here please stay the chariot. I will get down.

Char. [As is the command of your long-lived Highness.] The reins are drawn in; let my long-lived King get down.

King (*getting down*). Charioteer! in humble guise one ought to enter the penance-woods, I am sure. This, then, please hold. (*This said, puts forth and gives his trinkets and bow to the charioteer*). Charioteer! till, having seen after the dwellers in the hermitage, I return, please get watered the backs of the steeds.

Char. [D Right!] [As is the command of your long-lived Highness.] (*This said, goes out*).

[SCENE 3.—The Entrance to the Hermitage.]

King (*turning round and looking*). This is the doorway to the hermitage; I will go in. ([*Representing*] *entering; feeling an omen*). [Lo!]

(15) Peaceful is this seat of hermitage,

Yet throbs mine arm! Ah, here what fruit thereout
may happen?

Or haply, things that signs presage

Have ev'rywhere their doorways open.

(*In the tiring-room*).

This way, this way, [dear] friends.

King (*leaning his ear*). Hark! to the right of the arbour something like speech is heard; I will go thither.

(*Walking round and looking*). Lo! yon little maiden, daughters of hermits, with watering-jars suited to their size, for watering young trees, are coming up this very way. (*Marking closely*). Oh! sweet is their look.

(16) If such a form, all rarely seen

In queenly bowers, in hermitage's inmates gloweth,
Far, far outdone in worth I ween

Garden-plants by plants the forest groweth!
I will keep in this [tree-] shade and watch. (*This said, stands gazing*).

(*Then enters, engaged as described, with her friends, Sakuntala*).

[*D Sakuntala*. This way, this way, friends!].

Anasuya. O my Saundala! dearer even than you to Sire Kassav-son are these trees of the hermitage, I fancy; so, soft as the newjasmine-blossom as you are, you've been employed in filling their basins.

Sakun. [O my friend,] not only did my sire bid me, I've a sister's love, too, for them. (*This said, represents watering trees*).

[**2nd Friend.** My friend Saundala, water has been given to these summertime blossom-giving shrublets of the hermitage. Now, though past is their time of blossoming, we'll water the trees. By that an undesigned great piety we'll have.

Sakun. O my Piamvada, a pleasing thing you say. (*This said, again acts watering the trees*).]

King (*marking closely with curiosity*). What! is this that daughter of Kanva? [(*With astonishment*)].

Oh !] short-sighted, indeed, is His Holiness Kasyap-son,
who employs her in duties of the hermitage.

(17) This form, alas, all beautiful with artless hue,

The sage who wishes to inure to hardihood,

Right surely with the edged leaf of lotus blue

He tries to cleave in twain the hard-grain'd

sacred wood !

Good ! hiding behind the tree as I am, I will see her
unreserved. (*This said, does so*).

Sakun. (*stopping*). My friend Anasua ! in the bark-dress,
too tightly put on, Piamvada has shut me up ; pray,
now, loosen it.

Ana. [*D Right ! (This said,) loosens it*].

Priyamvada (*with a laugh*). [*D Why lay the blame on
me ?*] In this, [now,] rather blame that which swells
up your bust, your own [beginning of] youth.

King. [*Right well she says.*]

(17*a*) This, with knots all thinly woven,

on shoulder cast in cluster,

Of the bark-dress wrapping over

the twofold orb distended,—

This her form, new-blooming, doth not

its native beauty foster,

Like a blossom on the belly

of pallid leaf suspended.

Or perhaps,] be it ill-suited to her age, not that the
bark-dress does not, all the same, foster the charm
of an ornament. Why,

(18) Pleasing is the pool-blown lotus,

tho' it by moss be fretted ;

In the cold-ray'd moon tho' murky
 the speck be, it hath splendour ;
 All the more this slender girl is,
 in bark-dress, decorated :
 What is there doth not embellish
 shapés that are sweet and tender ?

[Moreover,

(18a) Tho' 'tis hard, the deer-eyed carries
 her bark-dress looking brightly,
 Which in mind a break of pleasure
 doth not a whit engender ;
 As, with full-spread pool-blown blossoms
 its neck unfetter'd slightly,
 Bears the lotus-bunch its native
 array of stalks untender.]

Sakun. (*looking in front*). [Friends,] here, with breeze-
 stirred tendril-fingers, I'm beckoned as 'twere in haste
 by the Kesara-tree ; I'll accost him. (*This said, walks
 round*).

Priyam. O my Saundala, just here stay a moment.

[**Sakun.** What for ?

Priyam.] Just as you come near, this Kesara-tree seems
 as 'twere creeper-wedded.

Sakun. Therefore, indeed, you're Piamvada !

King. Sweet as it is, a truth was spoken to Sakuntala by
 Priyamvada. Indeed, her
 (19) Lip is all as a leaflet ruddy ;
 And her arms they imitate boughs tender-bended ;
 Like blossom luring, on her body
 And on her limbs is youth suspended.

na. O my Saundala ! this is the self-chosen bride of the Mango-tree, named [and married to the Mango-tree] by you, the Newjasmine-creeper Forest-Moonlight. [D Her have you forgotten ?]

Sakun. [D Then even myself I'll forget !] (*Going up to the creeper and looking*). O my friends ! in a pleasant time, indeed, this couple of tree and creeper has come to be united. [Here,] with new blossom for her youth is Forest-Moonlight ; [there,] with close-forming tendrils, enjoyable is the Mango-tree. (*This said, stands gazing*).

Priyam. Anasua, d'you know why Saundala looks so very much at Forest-Moonlight ?

Ana. I can't really think, pray tell me.

Priyam. "Just as Forest-Moonlight is joined to a fit tree, even so may I get a fit bridegroom," she thinks.

Sakun. This, surely, is the wish in your own mind. (*This said, bends low the pitcher.*)

[**Ana.** O my Saundala, here is she whom Sire Kanva fostered with his own hands like you, the Spring-creeper ; her have you forgotten ?

Sakun. Then even myself I'll forget. (*Going up to the creeper and looking, joyfully*). A miracle ! a miracle ! Piamvada, a sweet news I announce to you.

Priyam. Friend, what's a sweet news to me ?

Sakun. Out of season, indeed, she's flowered right from her root, the Spring-creeper.

Both (*hastily going up*). Friend, it's true, it's true.

Sakun. It's true. Why don't you look ?

Priyam. (*joyfully marking*). And so, a sweet news in turn I announce to you. Very soon your hand is going to be taken.

Sakun. (*spitefully*). Surely, this is a wish in your own mind.

Priyam. I'm not, indeed, speaking in jest. I've heard, indeed, from Sire Kanva's mouth, your auspicious rite is indicated by this omen.

Ana. Piamvada, 'tis for this that Saundala with kind love waters the Spring-creeper.

Sakun. As she's my sister, so why shan't I water her ?
(*This said, bends low the pitcher*).]

King. May she be the chief hermit's child by a wife of an unlike caste ? Or, away with misgivings !

(20) She's doubtless worthy by a warrior to be wed,
Because my mind well-meaning is to her inclined ;
For, to the good, where they are by misgivings led,
The judge of right is promptings of the inner mind.
Still, rightly will I test her.

Sakun. (*distractedly*). Dear me ! stirred up by the sprinkling of water, leaving the Newjasmine-creeper, a drone is flying at my face. (*Acts as if stung by the drone*).

King ([*looking*] *wistfully*). [Even her subjection to fear is pleasing.

(20a) Whereso', whereso' the six-legg'd drone doth
turn and turn,
There, there projecting forth her orbs with
beauty bright,

Fear not! fear not! (*This being half-uttered, to himself*). But [thus] my kingship may be known. Good : this, then, will I say.

Sakun. [This ill-bred creature doesn't stop, so I'll go elsewhere.] (*After a few steps, standing, and casting her eyes about*). [Ah fie! ah fie!] What, even here he's following me.

King (*quickly coming forward*). [Ah!——]

(22) Who, while the Puru prince doth rule
O'er the earth, o'erruling people brought up rudely,
Here is acting like an ill-bred fool
'Mid hermit-maidens fond and goodly ?

All of them (*on seeing the king, are somewhat distracted.*)

Ana. Sir, nothing very serious has happened. [But] this our dear friend, teased by a drone, has got helpless.
(*This said, points to Sakuntala*).

King (*turning his face towards Sakuntala*). O maiden, is your penance thriving ?

Sakun. (*in fear, stands speechless*).

Ana. Now, by receiving a noted guest.

[**Priyam.** Welcome, sir.] O my Saundala, go to the cottage and bring a guest's offering with fruits. This will be water to wash his feet.

King. Ladies, your sweet sincere words have discharged all guest's dues.

Priyam. So then, on this shady cool platform under the seven-leaved tree, please sit down, and rest from toil, sir.

King. Surely you, too, are fatigued by this [pious] work.
So sit down for a moment.

Ana. (*aside to Sakuntala*). O my Saundala, 'tis our duty
to sit by guests. Here let us sit.

All of them (*sit down*).

Sakun. (*to herself*). How is it that, by seeing him, a feeling not to be had in a penance-wood has come over me?

King (*looking on them all*). Oh ! pleasing for equal age
and beauty, ladies, is your bosom-friendship.

Priyam. (*aside to Anasuya*). Anasua, who's he, indeed,
sweet and grand of shape, speaking cleverly, sweetly,
seems as if full of prowess ?

Ana. Friend, I, too, have a mind to know. I'll ask him.
(*Aloud*). Your worship's sweet words have roused
in me an unreserve, which makes me ask : Which
race of royal sages does your worship adorn ? Which
country has been left with folk mourning his absence ?
Or, for what purpose, though rather tender, has your
worship exposed himself to toil in this penance-wood ?

Sakun. (*to herself*). My heart, be not mad ; here's Anasua
speaking your thoughts.

King (*to himself*). How shall I make myself known, or
how make a self-disguise ? [*Reflecting.*] Good ; thus,
then, will I answer her. (*Aloud*). My lady, [I am
versed in the Holy Writ ;] he whom the Puru king
employed in the office of keeping the law [in the town],
I am he, come to this pious forest [by way of seeing
the holy hermitage] to know if the rites of sages are
free from obstacles.

Ana. Blest with a lord are [*D now*] the workers of piety!

Sakun. (*betrays the bashfulness of love*).

The Two Friends (*knowing the gestures of both, aside to Sakuntala*). O my Saundala, if our sire were but here to-day—

Sakun. Then what would happen ?

The Two Friends. This noted guest even with his life's all he'd honour.

Sakun. (*with feigned anger*). [*D You two*] go away !
With something in your heart you're speaking ; I won't listen to your speech.

King. We, too, will ask something, ladies, about your friend.

The Two Friends. Sir, a favour as 'twere is this request.

King. Almighty Kasyap-son lives a perpetual student, [*D such is the fame abroad,*] and this your friend is his daughter ; how is this ?

Ana. Listen, sir. There's a [*D certain*] royal sage with great powess, [*D surnamed*] Kusia-son.

King. There is, we hear [; His Holiness Kusik-son].

Ana. From him our [*D dear*] friend sprang, know that.
After she was left off, for fostering her and so on
Sire Kassav-son is her father.

King. By the word "left off" you have roused my curiosity. Right from the beginning I should like to hear it.

Ana. Formerly, when [*D on the banks of the Gomadi*] that royal sage was in dire penance, somehow their

fear roused, the gods sent a sky-nymph named Menaa, the causer of obstacles to due rites.

King. There is this fear, of other people's devotion, in the gods. [What, what next?]

Ana. Then, when Spring burst out, seeing her maddening beauty—(*This being half-uttered, stops through bashfulness*).

King. The rest is understood quite. At all events, born of a sky-nymph, is she?

Ana. Yes.

King. This is quite true.

(23) How else, in any human fair,
 Could such a beauty have its birth?
 The fickle-flashing lightning ne'er
 Springs from the surface of the earth.

Sakun. (*[in shame,] stands with down-dropt look*).

King (*to himself*). Ha! scope is found for my wish. But having heard what her friend jestingly referred to, her prayer for a bridegroom, a feeling this way and that, a helplessness, is on my mind.

Priyam. (*with a smile, looking at Sakuntala [, and turning her face to the hero]*). Still more does your worship wish to speak?

Sakun. (*chides her friend with her finger*).

King. Rightly guessed by you, lady. We have, from a desire to hear ~~the tale of the good~~, something more to ask.

Priyam. [And so,] away with scruples! You can unreservedly question hermit folk, I'm sure.

King. This, as to your friend, I wish to know—

(24) Monastic vows, till she is given to a lord away,
Must she be bound to keep, that check the
course of Kama here?

Or else, with those, too like her eyed, and cher-
ish'd, will she stay,

Stay ever with gazelles, the mates of stags, her
playmates dear?

Priyam. Sir, even in working piety, in another's power is
this person. Her father, all the same, is minded to
give her away to a fit bridegroom.

King (*to himself* [joyfully]). [D Not unattainable,
indeed, is this my suit].

(25) Have thou, my heart, the wish thou haddest;
Now, now is thy misgiving solved completely
That which as fire thou drest,est,
'Tis gem that may be handled sweetly.

Sakun. (*as if wrathfully*). Anasua, I'll go.

Ana. What for?

Sakun. This random-raving Piamvada I'll [go and]
accuse before Madam Godami.

Ana. Friend, 'tis not right [for a hermitage-dwelling
person], without giving his dues to a noted guest, and
leaving him, to go away at will.

Sakun. (*without speaking anything, goes away straight*).

King [(*aside to the audience*). Why does she go?]
(*Wishing to catch hold of her, holding himself, to*

himself). Oh! gestures are imaged by the workings of a lover's mind. For, I,

(26) To pursue the sage's daughter, bent,

Suddenly by modesty my forward step fore-
warn'd,

Tho' ne'er from out the spot I went,

It seems as if I went, and back return'd.

Priyam. (*[going up to and] holding back Sakuntala*).

O my friend! [you fury!] 'tis not right for you to go.

Sakun. (*[turning round] with a frown*). What for?

Priyam. Two trees to be watered, you owe me. Just come, clear off your debt, then you'll go. (*This said, forcibly turns her back*).

King. [*D Gentle lady,*] it is through watering trees that this lady is fatigued, I find. And so, her

(27) Two arms are drooping-shoulder'd, all too ruddy-
palm'd,

thro' the jar up-shook for flow;

Now, even now, her bosom trembles with a breath
deeper heaved than she can bear;

Droops, pressing gum-tree bloom on ear, adown
her face

many a dew of toil arow;

The fillet drooping down, she holds up with one
hand

all her wide-dishevell'd hair.

So, let me free her from debt. (*This said, gives his ring*).

Both the Friends (*reading out the letters on the signet-ring, look at each other*).

King. Do not take us for otherwise. It is a royal gift.
[*D* So know me to be a royal officer.]

Priyam. And so, this ring ought not to part from your finger. At your worship's word, she is now freed from debt. (*Laughing a little*). O my Saundala, you've been freed by the kindness of his worship or perhaps his most mighty Highness. Go now.

Sakun. (*to herself*). [I won't give him up.] If I were my own mistress—[*D* (*Aloud*). Who are you to release or to bind me?]

[**Priyam.** Why don't you go now?

Sakun. Even now—what! am I in your power? When I please, I'll go.]

King (*looking at Sakuntala, to himself*). What! may she not, indeed, just as I am towards her, be so towards me? Or perhaps scope is found for my suit. [*D* Why,]

(28) Altho' her speech with all that I do speak she
doth not mix,

She leans her ear, all heedful, she, when any
word I say;

Enough she lingers not, her face upon my face
to fix,

Nathless, not long enough her eye on other
things doth stay.

(*In the tiring-room*).

Ho! ho! ye hermits! be ye near to save the beasts of
the penance-wood. Close at hand, they say, out

a-hunting for his sport, is the Lord of the earth,
Dushyanta.

(29) *So* the dust, up-kick'd by hoofs of steeds in onset,
On trees, from out whose boughs wet robes of bark are
swinging,

Falls, a-shining with the faded sheen of sunset,
On trees of hermitage, like swarm of locusts clinging.

King (*to himself*). Oh, fie! in quest of me the soldiers
are disturbing the penance-wood.

(*Again in the tiring-room.*)]

[*D* Moreover,]

(30) With strokes all hard
striking against the trees,
one big tusk in shoulder caught,
A creeper-bunch
all drawn and drawl'd by feet
forming by its knot his snare,
An obstacle,
embodied, to our rites,
parting troops of harts distraught,
An elephant
is in the pious wood,
at a chariot's sight in scare.

All the Maidens (*leaning their ears, are somewhat distracted*).

King (*to himself*). Oh, fie! [*D* The citizens in quest of
us are disturbing the penance-wood.] [What! have
I offended the hermits?] Good! I will go back now.

Ana. Sir, this account of a wild elephant has frightened us. Allow us to go to the cottage.

[**Ana.** (to *Sakuntala*). O my Saundala! in great fright Madam Godami will be. So come, let us soon be together.

Sakun. (*representing a break of gait*). Ah fie! ah fie! my legs are cramped and I've got crippled.]

King (*distractedly*). Go [slowly, slowly], ladies. We, too, shall take care that the hermitage be not molested.

All (*rise*).

The Two Friends. [Noble sir, you've known all. Surely now, whatever for indifferent obeisance has been our offence, you'll pardon.] Sir, not having discharged well the dues of a guest, for another visit we are ashamed to request your worship.

King. Nay, not so. By the very sight of you ladies, I am rewarded.

Sakun. [Anasua, a new spear-grass spine has pricked my foot, and an amaranth-branch has caught my bark-dress. Wait for me while I free it.] (*Looking at the King, after delaying artfully, goes out with her friends.*)

King [(*sighing*)]. Gone are they all! Good; I, too, will go. At the very sight of *Sakuntala*,] dull is my longing for going back to town. I will rally my followers and encamp [*D not*] very far from the penance-wood. I cannot, indeed, turn back my mind from the affair of *Sakuntala*. For, my

(31) Body is all forward going ;

Backward my mind is running, restless, flurried,
Like the China silk-cloth flowing

When 'gainst the wind a flag is hurried.

(This said, all go out).

(So ends the First Act

[named

" The Chase "]).

[Interval. A little more than twelve hours.]

ACT II.

[PLACE—The Penance-Wood of Kanva.

TIME—Forenoon, in Early Summer.

ACTION—The Invitation of the Hermits.]

[SCENE 1.—A Camp near the Hermitage.]

(Then enters, sad, the jester).

Jester (*sighing*). [Heigh-ho! I'm done for.] [*D* Ho! have you seen?] With this King given to hunting, to be accompanied, I'm worn out. "Here's a deer!" "Here's a boar!" [*D* "Here's a tiger!"]—thus, even at mid-day, amid long forests with summer-thinned tree-shades, we're plodding on [*D* from thicket to thicket]. Flat with mixed leaves, pungent, [tasteless,] the waters of mountain-rivers we're drinking. At odd hours, a [*D* meal chiefly of] [hot-hot] spit-roast meat we're eating. [*D* My joints strained by running after fleet steeds,] [at the sound of fleet steeds and elephants] even at night I don't have enough lying-down. [*D* Then,] even at the earliest dawn, the whoreson fowlers, with the [ear-stunning] din of taking a forest, wake me up. With all this, even now my troubles don't come to an end. Then, on top of the boil a pimple's come out. Only yesterday, we lagging behind, his Highness entered the seat of a hermitage in pursuit of a deer, and saw a [certain] hermit's little daughter [*D* named] Saundala, woe is me! Now to go back to town he doesn't make up his mind in any way.

• Even to-day, while he was thinking only of her, on his eyes the day broke. What to do? I'll see him after he's done his round of daily duties [, my dear companion]. (*This said, walking round and looking*). Here, with bow-handed Greek women, holders of forest-flower wreaths, surrounding him, this very way he's coming, my dear companion. Good: appearing as if palsy-crippled, I'll stand, [D if] thus at least I may get a respite. (*This said, stands leaning on his wooden staff*).

(*Then enters, [D with a following] as described, the King*).

King [to himself].

(1) Be, be my darling hard to get,

Still, her gestures to behold, my mind doth burn ;

Tho' the Mind-born God succeeds not yet,

Rati wakes when each doth for the other yearn.

(*Smiling*). Thus, judging his desired person's feelings by his own wish, the suitor is deluded ! [Why,]

(2) That she did give a tender glance, altho' her eyes somewhere else were made to light ;

That she did go all soft, as tho' for grace's sake, for her hips are heavy-bent ;

That, being prest "You must not go," unto that friend

she replied in words of spite ;

All that seems turning meward : oh, the lover's eye looks on all as for him meant !

Jest. (*still in the same posture*). Ho companion ! my hands [and feet] don't move ; with words only I'll wish you victory.

King [*looking with a smile*]. Whence is this palsy?

Jest. Whence, really? Having yourself poked my eyes,
d'you ask the cause of my tears?

King. I do not, indeed, understand you. [Please unfold
your meaning and say.]

Jest. Ho companion! that the cane-plant imitates the
gestures of a hump-back, is that by its own strength or
by the force of the river?

King. The force of the river is the cause of it.

Jest. So is your Highness of mine.

King. How so?

Jest. [Is it really fit for you?] In this way leaving kingly
duties, in such a dreary region, you'll live the life of a
forester! [What do you say to that? But, I being a
Brahman,] [*D* to tell the truth,] with daily pursuits
after beasts of prey, my joints slackened, I'm no more
master of my limbs. So I'll beg the favour of your
letting me alone for a day only to rest.

King (*to himself*). [*D* And] he speaks thus? I, too,
thinking on Kasyap-son's daughter, have got a hunting-
sick mind. Why,

(3) Strength to bend this well-strung bow I

cannot gather,

This bow with arrow fixt, upon those deer

intended,

Who, abiding with my darling long together,

Have taught her how to look with eyes

fondly distended.

Jest. (*looking at the King's face*). Sir, with something in your heart, you're speaking. In the wilderness [indeed,] have I cried.

King (*with a smile*). What else? I should not pass over my bosom-friend's word, so have I paused.

Jest. [(*contentedly*)]. And so,] may you live long. (*This said, wishes to go*).

•**King.** Companion, stay. [Listen to me.] There remains something to be added to my speech.

Jest. Command, your Highness.

King. Having rested, you, sir, must help me, too, in a toilless task.

Jest. Is it in eating sweetmeats? [*D* For, then, you've rightly chosen this person.]

King. In what, I will tell you.

[**Jest.** I've chosen my time.

King.] Who, who is there, ho?

(*Entering*)

A Door-Keeper [*D bowing down*]. Please command, my lord.

King. Reivataka, please now call the head of the army.

Door-K. Right! (*Going out, and re-entering with the head of the army*). [Please come, come, sir.] Here, ready to give a word of command, [*D* his eyes cast] this very way, my lord's standing. Go up [to him], sir.

The Head of the Army (*looking at the King* [, to himself]).
[What!] though faults are seen in it, in my Master

- away.] His Highness is come to himself. You, now, [whoreson,] wandering from thicket to thicket, will fall into the mouth of some worn-out bear yearning for a man's nose.

King. My gentle head of the army, too near a hermitage are we placed. So I do not welcome your speech. To-day, then, .

- (6) Let buffaloes go thro' the water of the tank,
 off by horns molested hard ;
 Beneath a shadow herded, let the race of deer
 learn to chew the cud at ease ;
 With unreserve, let troops of boars upon the pool,
 nibbling, leave the rush-blade marr'd ;
 And let this bow of ours, the string to keep it bound
 render'd slack, enjoy its peace.

H. of the A. As my Master pleases.

King. And so, recall the forward-gone forest-takers.
 That my soldiers do not disturb the penance-wood,
 [and that they leave it from a distance,] so let them
 be warned. See,

- (7) In hermit-folk, tho' peace is mainly present,
 Lies hid a flame whose nature is to blaze up ;
 Like solar gems, unto the touch all pleasant,
 To conquer others' flame they cast their rays up.

H. of the A. As is the command of my Master.

Jest. Down with your encouragement affair.

H. of the A. (*goes out*).

King (*looking at the attendants*). Put off, ladies, your hunting-dress. Reivataka, you, too, fulfil your own task.

Attendants. As your Majesty commands. (*This said, go out*).

Jest. Your Highness has rid the spot of flies. Now in this tree-shade, showy with the prepared creeper-canopy, sit down, your Highness, while I, too, will be seated at ease.

King. Go forward.

Jest. [Come,] come along, your Highness.

[SCENE 2.—The Shade of a Tree near the Camp.]

Both (*walking round, sit down*).

King. [Friend] Mathavya, you have not obtained the fruit of your eyes, as you have not seen an object worth seeing.

Jest. O, your Highness is before me.

King. Everyone [indeed,] looks upon oneself as beautiful. Touching that top-trinket of the hermitage, Sakuntala, I am speaking.

Jest. (*to himself*). Good; I'll give him no chance. (*Aloud*). Ho [companion] ! [as] to you that hermit's daughter appears [not] worth paying court to [then why see her] ?

King. [Fie, fool !

(7a) The twinkle of the eye controll'd

In eyelids, all in eagerness,

The moon's new digit men behold—

And with what sense of tenderness ?]

[D Friend,] it is not on a forbidden object that the mind of the Purus leans.

[Jest. • So, say on.

King.] (8) Born of a heavenly maiden, so 'tis said,
The sage's child was left by her and found aright,
As on the swallow-wort is laid,
All loosely flung, the blossom of newjasmine bright.

Jest. [Ho !] just as one, sick of preserved dates, has
a desire for the tamarind, so, disparaging gems of
women [in your queenly bowers], your Highness is pay-
ing this court.

King. [Friend,] now, you have not seen her, as you speak
like that.

Jest. That, indeed, must be pleasing, which causes won-
der even to your Highness.

King. Companion, to be brief,

(9) Was she upon a picture placed, and then with
life combined ?
Or, in the mind, with heap'd-up beauties, by the
Maker made ?

A new creation of a gem of woman her I find,
The Maker's might unending and her form both
well-survey'd !

Jest. If so, she beats now all other beauties.

King. And this occurs to my mind—

(10) A flower unsmelt before,
or a leaflet yet by tearing nails uncaught,
A gem as yet unbored,
or new mead whose flavour is untasted still,

The fruit of pious deeds
 all entire,—such is her beauty with no blot;
 I know not who it is
 Fate will hither send to feed thereon his fill.

Jest. And so, lightly rescue her, your Highness; let her
 not [,then,] fall into the hands of some hermit with his
 head greased with oil of hermit's-tree and glossy.

King. In another's power, indeed, is my lady; nor is
 her superior near.

Jest. [Now,] regarding your Highness, what sort of a
 sight-passion has she got?

King. [Companion,] naturally enough, there is no elo-
 quence in maiden-daughters of hermits; [but,] never-
 theless,

(11) Whilst in her presence I stood, she withdrew
her eyes;
 Laugh'd she a laugh, as it were from some other
cause;

Later, her modesty checking its forward rise,
 Neither her love she disclosed nor essay'd to close.

Jest. She won't, indeed, as soon as she saw you, get up
 on your lap.

King. [To her friends,] at our mutual parting, again, in
 spite of her bashfulness, full well did my lady display
 her feeling [towards me]. And so,

(12) "A sprout of turf has prick'd my foot"—thus all
for nothing she,
 The slender one, did stop, when she a few, few
steps had got;

With backward-turning face she stood, as tho' she
wish'd to free
Her bark-dress, even though in boughs of trees
it was not caught.

Jest. And so, take your journey's wherewithal. You've
made a pleasure-wood of the penance-wood, I find.

King. Friend, [*D* a few hermits have recognised me ;]
think now, with what pretext, for a time at least, we
may stay in the hermitage.

Jest. What other pretext for you kings, but "the sixth
part of rice be submitted to us" ?

King. Fool ! another tribute for their protection falls
to us, which, even by leaving behind heaps of jewels,
should be welcomed. See,

(13) What rises from the social grades,
To kings that fruit must perish all ;
The sixth of penance never fades,
Which doth from forest-dwellers fall.

(*In the tiring-room*).

Ha ! we have succeeded in our object.

King (*leaning his ear*). Hark ! with grave calm voices,
hermits must be there.

(*Entering*)

The Door-Keeper. Victory, victory to my lord. Here,
[indeed,] two hermit boys are arrived at the gateway.

King. [*D* And so,] without delay introduce them.

Door-K. Here I'm introducing them. (*Going out, and*

The gods all hope,
from demons deep-estranged,
in their meetings fierce, to gain
Their victory
from out his well-strung bow
and from Indra's thunder hard.

(*Going up*). Victory to you, O King.

King (*rising from his seat*). I salute your worships.

Both. Hail to your Highness. (*This said, offer fruits*).

King (*accepting them with a bow*). I wish for a command.

Both. It is known to dwellers in the hermitage that your Highness is here. So they ask of your Highness—

King. What do they command ?

Both. "As His Holiness Kanva, the great sage, is not near, fiends are causing an obstacle to our sacrifices. So, for a few nights, with your charioteer for your second, [with your weapon to go with you,] may it please your Highness to lord it over the hermitage."

King. I am favoured.

Jest. (*aside to the King*). This request, now, is favourable to you.

King [*D smiling*]. Reivataka ! [*D in my name*] please tell the charioteer to bring up, with my bow [and darts], my chariot.

Door-K. As your Majesty commands. (*This said, goes out*).

Both the Hermit Boys [*D joyfully*].

(16) Thou who the path of sires dost tread,
 This sitteth very well in thee ;
 The rites of telling woe "No dread"—
 In these ordain'd the Purus be.

King [*D bowing*]. Go [*D forward*], sirs. I, too, am just following you.

Both. Victory to you. (*This said, go out*).

King. Mathavya, have you any curiosity to see Sakuntala ?

Jest. At first, it was brimful ; now, by the tale of the fiends, not even a drop is left.

King. Be not afraid. O, you will keep [quite] near me.

Jest. Here, I'm fenced from fiends.

(*Entering*)

The Door-Keeper. Ready is the chariot for my lord ; it waits for a victorious march. Here again from town, [from] her revered Highness' [presence an] order-bearer, Karahaa, is come.

King (*respectfully*). What ! sent by my revered mother ?

Door-K. Yes.

King. O, please introduce him.

Door-K. [*D Right ! (This said,) going out, and entering with Karabhaka*]. Here is my lord ; go up [,sir].

Karabhaka [*going up and bowing*]. Victory, victory to my lord. Her [revered] Highness commands—

[**King.** What does she command ?

Kara.] "On the coming fourth day after this, I shall begin

my after-meal when my fast is had ; so my long-lived son must needs honour me with his company”.

King. On the one hand, there is the hermits' task ; on the other, my superior's command ; both, too, are such as not to be passed over. What, here, should be the remedy ?

Jest. [*laughing*]. Ho !] like Tisanku, keep in the middle.

• **King.** In sooth, I am embarrassed.

(17) Two tasks in places different :

This way and that my mind doth turn,
As, by a rock fore-lying bent
Backward, the current of a burn.

(*Reflecting*). Friend, you have been adopted as son by my mother. So, you, sir, will kindly return hence, announce that I am busy in mind with the hermits' task, and act the part of a son to her Highness.

Jest. [Ho !] you mustn't, indeed, count me as one afraid of fiends.

King (*smiling*). [Ho great Brahman !] how is that in your worship possible ?

Jest. As a King's younger brother should go, so I'll go.

King. O, disturbance to the penance-wood must be avoided ; so I will send all my followers with you.

Jest. [*proudly*]. And so, I'm now become a “young King.”

King (*to himself*). Fickle is this priest-boy. Some time or other he may speak of [this] our suit to ladies of the palace. Good ; to ~~him~~ this will I speak. (*Holding the jester by the hand, aloud*). I have not, indeed.

in very sooth, any longing for the hermit's daughter
[Sakuntala]. See,

(18) Where are we ! and O where, to love all blind,
Is a raw person, along with deer-fawns bred !
'Tis a jest I have told you, friend ; so, mind—
In the true meaning O take not what I said.

[Jest. Well ! so 'tis.

King. Mathavya, you perform your own task. I, too, for
the protection of the penance-wood, will go thither.]

(*This said, all go out*).

(*So ends the Second Act*

[*named*

"*The Hiding of the Story*"]).

[Interval. A few days.]

PRELUDE TO ACT III.

[SCENE.—A Part of the Hermitage.]

(Then enters, carrying bundles of spear-grass, a pupil of a sacrifice-giver).

Pupil [*reflecting, with astonishment*]. Oh ! mighty is the presence of 'the Lord of the earth, Dushyanta ; so that, as soon as entrance was made [*D into the hermitage*] by his Highness [*D the King*], without molestation our rites are proceeding.

(1) What shall I speak of aiming dart ?

By sound of bow-string far and wide,

A roar that from his bow doth part,

All obstacles he puts aside.

I will offer these turfs, to be scattered round the altar, to the hymn-singers. (*Walking round and looking; in the air*). Priyamvada ! for whom are this vetiver-ointment and these fibred lotus-leaves being carried ? (*[Representing] listening*). What ! do you say "Through going in the sunshine, Sakuntala is mightily indisposed, and this is for cooling her body" ? So please go quick. [*Friend,*] she, indeed, is His Holiness the chief hermit Kanva's life-breath. I, too, will send her sacrificial soothing water through the hands of Goutami. (*This said, goes out*).

(So ends the ["Pure"] Prelude).

[**Interval.** Hardly any.]

ACT III.

[PLACE—The Penance-Wood of Kanva.

TIME—Afternoon, in Mid-summer.

ACTION—The Engagement between the Lovers.]

[SCENE I.—A Grove by the River near the Hermitage.]

(*Then enters, in the state of one in love, the King*).

King (*[thoughtfully,] sighing*).

(2) I of penance' might am ware ;

That girl is in another's power, I know it all ;
Strength in me is none, this heart from there,
Nevertheless, back unto me to call.

(*[D Indicating pangs of love,] [spitefully]*).

[Almighty God Kama ! hast thou no pity on me ? and
whence art thou, blossom-armed as thou art, so keen ?
(*Reflecting*). Ah ! I have known it—

(2a) Sure, even now, the fire of Siva's anger

In thee doth burn, as flame in ocean flashes ;
How, Kama, else, to hearts like mine in hunger
So hot art thou, tho' thou art left but ashes ?

Moreover,] [*D Almighty blossom-armed God !*] thou
and the Moon, inspiring trust, overreach the whole
guild of lovers. Why,

(3) That thou wieldest shafts of blossom,
the Moon hath rays all chilling,—
Both these things all void of meaning
appear to creatures like me ;

(Then enters, [D engaged as described,] with her friends, Sakuntala).

The Two Friends (*fanning her, lovingly*). O our Saundala, does it do you any good, the wind of the lotus-leaf?

Sakun. What! am I being fanned by my friends?

The Two Friends (*representing sorrow, look at each other*).

King. Mightily ill in body Sakuntala appears. (*Thoughtfully*). Is it, then, the fault of the sunshine, or is it as it occurs to my mind? (*Surveying wistfully*). Or, away with misgivings!

(7) With vetiver on breast,
loosed the lotus to her single armlet tied,
My darling bears in pain
this her form, how beautiful I cannot tell ;
Equal enough the heat
of the Mind-born God and of the summertide,
But then, the season hot
ne'er offendeth maids so sweetly and so well !

Priyam. (*aside to Anasuya*). Anasua, ever since that royal sage was first seen, somewhat troubled is Saundala. May it be, indeed, for his sake, that this ailment comes?

Ana. [*D Friend,*] I, too, have such a dread in my heart.
Good; I'll then ask her. (*Aloud*). Friend, you're to
be asked something. Mighty is your [*limbs'*] fever.

[King. It is quite worth speaking.

(7a) So her bangles, all like moonbeams white,
Speak the trying heat by summertide en-
gender'd.

Freak'd with touch of brown so light,
Her bangles, out of lotus render'd.]

Sakun. (*with the fore-part of her body rising from the [flowery] couch*). O my friend, what d'you wish to speak ?

Ana. O my Saundala, we're not [, *D* indeed,] inside the affairs of Kama. But such as in histories and romances the state of those in love is heard of, such do I find yours. Pray tell me, for what is your fever ? The disease [, *D* indeed,] not being rightly known, there's [surely] no applying a remedy.

King. Even Anasua has been followed by my thought.
[*D* It is not by my own state of mind that I observe.]

Sakun. [*D* to herself]. Mighty, indeed, is my care. Even now, all on a sudden I can't let them know it.

Priyam. Friend [Saundala], right well does she say. Why d'you neglect your ailment ? Day by day, indeed, you're wasting away in your limbs ; only your lovely shadow doesn't leave you.

King. Not untruly spoke Priyamvada. And so,
(8) Thin, thin the cheek upon her face ; upon her breast
hardness from those orbs is gone ;
Her waist is rather slim ; her shoulders droop
down quite
pallid is her picture-hue ;
At once regrettable and sweet to view she looks,
Kama troubling her anon,
As, by the leafage-drying wind of heaven touch'd,
seems the springtide-creeper new.

Sakun. [*sighing*]. [*D Friend,*] to whom else shall I tell it? [*But*] a source of trouble, now, I shall be to you.

Both. '[*Friend,*] 'tis for that, indeed, that we press. For, being shared [*D by kind friends*], the pangs of sorrow become endurable.

King. (9) Ask'd by a friend of equal pain and pleasure,
girl-like she,
Not that she will not speak from out her
mind the cause of woe ;
Tho' turning back full many times she gazed athirst
at me,
Yet, at this while, desire to hear her causes
me a throe.

Sakun. [*D Friend,*] ever since on my view lighted that guardian of the penance-wood, the royal sage—[*(This being half-uttered, acts bashfulness)*].

Both. Speak, dear friend.

Sakun.] Since then, with a wish for him, I've been brought to this state.

King (*joyfully*). I have heard what is worth hearing.

(10) Kama is my cause of fever,
His very self is come to me to quench it ;
As the half-brown day comes ever,
Heat o'er, to living world, to drench it.

Sakun. If that's approved by you, do so that the royal sage may take compassion on me. Otherwise, you must needs pour me sesame-water.

King. Doubt-severing is her word.

This, pressing not the scar
by bow-string made,
full often from wrist down-slipt,—
This armlet wrought in gold,
slipt, slipt again,
I push back aright fall oft.

Priyam. (*reflecting*). O my friend, let a love-letter [now] be composed for him. This, under pretext of leavings of the gods, I'll get concealed among flowers and cause to reach his hand.

Ana. [Friend,] I like this fine device. But what does Saundala say ?

Skun. What advice of yours do I ever weigh ?

Priyam. And so, setting forth your own wish, think now of some pretty string of words.

Sakun. [*D O my friend,*] I do think. Afraid of disregard,
however, I tremble in my heart.

King [*D* joyfully].

(12) That one is standing here, to meet with thee
all fain,
From whom, O timid one, thou darest
disregard ;—
His Fortune he, that prays, or may or may not
gain ;
To win her chosen, how, for Fortune, is it
hard ?

[Moreover,

(12*a*) That one is here, from whom a disregard of suit
Thou deemest to be dreaded, thou with limbs
so round ;

That one is come to thee, to press his suit
not mute ;
 The gem is not to seek, but it is to be found.]

The Two Friends. [O] you underrating your own worth !
 who, now, intercepts the body-soothing autumnal
 moonlight with the end of his cloth ?

Sakun. (*smiling*). An employment, now, I've got. (*This said, [D sits up and] thinks*).

King. Fitly, indeed, with an eye that has forgotten to
 twinkle, I gaze on my darling. For,

(13) One creeper-eyebrow upward-bent,
 All her face, as she to weave her words is
bended,

Doth bespeak, as with the bristle sent
 Thro' cheek, her love for me intended.

Sakun. O my friends, I've thought of [*D the matter of*] a
 song. Not near at hand, however, are writing materials.

Priyam. [O,] on this lotus-leaf tender as a parrot's breast,
 with your nails, engrave the letters.

Sakun. (*acting as described*). [*D O my friends,*] listen
 now, if 'tis consistent in meaning.

Both. We're all heed.

Sakun. (*reads out*).

(14) Thy heart to me is all unknown ;
 Mine, however, Kama, daily, nightly burning,
 —Thou unpiteous !—hurries strongly on ;
 Right in thee my limbs have placed their
inward yearning.

we hear. That [this] our dear friend mayn't cause regret to her kinsfolk, please do so.

King. Gentle lady, to be brief,

(18) Tho' many mates I do confess,

Two glories of my race there be,—

The Earth with ocean for her dress,

And this your maiden-friend by me.

•**Both the Friends.** We're satisfied.

[**Sakun.** (*shows joy*).

Priyam. (*aside to Anasuya*). Anasua, see, see, like a peahen struck by the roar of a cloud, from time to time she gets back her life, our dear friend.

Sakun. O my friends, ask forgiveness from the Ruler of the world for what we, in our unreserved ravings, passing over obeisance, have spoken.

The Two Friends (*with a smile*). The one that spoke it, let that one ask forgiveness. How has another person transgressed?

Sakun. You should, indeed, most mighty King, pardon this—if, in your absence or not, anything's spoken by anybody.

King (*with a smile*).

(18a) Then I'll brook the offence, by thee committed,

If, O round-limb'd, on this bed thy limbs

have prest in,

All of blossom, for killing toil so fitted,

As a near friend, thou dost grant me room

to rest in.

Priyam. O, but with just this much may you be satisfied!

King. O fair!—not yet [fully] quenched is the day, and
such is the state of thy body.

(20) Leaving here the couch of blossoms, lo,
Making with the lotus-leaf a kerchief for thy
breast,

How, beneath the sunshine, wilt thou go,
With thy limbs all soft, for pain distress?

(*This said, [D powerfully] draws her back*).

Sakun. Son of Puru, keep back immodesty; though
heated by Kama, I'm not my own mistress. [Or
perhaps, with my friends alone to help me, what now
shall I do here?

King. Now I feel ashamed.

Sakun. 'Tis not, indeed, my most mighty King, but fate,
that I blame.

King. Doing a friendly turn as it is, why is fate blamed?

Sakun. Why, now, shan't I blame it, as it has made me
cease to be my own mistress and lures me with the
worth of another person?

King (*to himself*).

(20a) Tho' mighty be
their longing, to the prayers
of their darlings cross they be;
Tho' wishing for
the bliss of meeting sweet,
they to yield themselves are loth;
They are not pain'd
by Kama's self, who gains
to their hearts an entrance free;

Young maidens pain
the Mind-born God himself,—
letting time slip by in sloth.

Sakun. (*is going away straight*).

King (*to himself*). Why shall I not do what is sweet to myself? (*Rising, going forth, catches her cloth-end*).

Sakun. Son of Puru, keep modesty; here and there sages, are moving about.]

King. O timid one! why fear superiors? On seeing it, aware of thy piety, his Holiness will take no offence at that, he the chief hermit. [*D See,*]

(21) After the old Gandharva way,
Full many maids of royal seers,
We hear, were wedded, famous they,
And welcomed with their parents' cheers.

[*D Sakun.* Let me go now. Once more, I'll honour my friends.

King. Good; I'll let thee go.

Sakun. When?]

[**King.** When I shall know the soft pleasure of love.

Sakun. Though in the state of love, never of herself a young maiden is mistress. Yet, once again, now, I'll honour my friends.

King. After sitting down for a moment, I will let thee go.

Sakun. (*with feigned anger*). Son of Puru, keep modesty. Here and there, sages are moving about.]

[**King** (*looking in all directions*). What! in an open place

am I come out? (*This said, leaves Sakuntala, and, retracing his footsteps, returns to his seat*).

Sakun. (*after a step, returning with a shrinking in her limbs*). Son of Puru, though not fulfilling your wish, known only by talk, this person shouldn't be forgotten.

King. O fair!—

(21a) Altho' thou goest far away,
This heart of mine thou dost not flee,
As shadow, at the end of day,
In front, the root of forest-tree.

Sakun. (*going a very little way, to herself*). Ah fie! ah fie! hearing this, my feet don't move forth in front. Good: in these wayside amaranth-trees hiding my body, I'll see now the continuous state of his mind. (*So doing, stands*).

King. My darling, why, affection being my one sentiment, hast thou overlooked me, and, not even waiting, gone away at will?

(21b) Not rudely to be fed upon—
Such is thy beauty's tender dower:
How is thy mind so hard-like grown,
As is the stalk of gum-tree flower?

Sakun. Hearing this, I've no power to go.

King. Now, empty as it is of my darling, what am I doing in this creeper-canopy? (*Looking in front*). Ha! stopt is my going.

(21c) This her bangle, flown from wrist apart,
Having caught the perfume of the
ointment new,

All like a shackle fettering my heart,
 This her lotus-bangle stands before my view.
(Thinking much of it, takes it up).

Sakun. *(looking at her hand).* Oh! slack as 'twas for my weakness, it slipt away, this lotus-bangle; I didn't know it.

King *(placing the lotus-bangle on his breast).* Oh! the sweet touch.

(21*d*) By this thy sportive ornament, O darling mine,
 Thy beauteous arm forsaking, lying here
by me,
 From woe is reassured this person doom'd to pine,
 Tho' it be all devoid of sense,—but not by
thee!

Sakun. After this, I'm not able to delay. Good: with this very pretext I'll show myself. *(This said, goes up).*

King *(seeing joyfully).* Lo! the lady of my life is arrived. After my lament, with a favour I am to be benefited, indeed, by Fate.

(21*e*) As soon, with throat all parch'd by drouth,
 For water-drop the bird did pray,
 From new-born cloud, into his mouth,
 Down fell a shower of rain straightway.

Sakun. *(standing in front of the King).* Sir, at half-way remembered this hand-slipt lotus-bangle, and for its sake I'm come back. Says my heart, you've taken it. So, drop it back; you shouldn't disclose me or yourself to sage-folk.

King. On one condition I may return it, not otherwise.

Sakun. On what condition ?

King. If this thing I myself may put in its right place.

Sakun. *(to herself)*. What to do ? *(Aloud)*. Be it even so now. *(This said, goes up)*.

King. Even on this stone-slab we keep. *(This said, they both walk round and sit down)*.

King *(taking Sakuntala by the hand)*. Oh ! the touch.

(21f) By fire of Siva's anger sear'd

Was Love ; hath nectar-shedding Fate

A sapling here again uprear'd,

Perchance, on tree of Kama great ?

Sakun. *(betraying joy)*. Make haste, make haste, my goodman.

King *(joyfully to himself)*. Now am I trustful, for a husband's word of address this is. *(Aloud)*. O fair ! not too close is the texture of this lotus-bangle. If thou likest, I will put it on thee in another way.

Sakun. *(smiling)*. As you please.

King *(artfully delaying, putting it off)*. O fair ! please see—

(21g) This is that orb, with creeper green all beauteous
dight,

Which, as it were for special sheen, the sky
forsook,

In shape of lotus come, that new-born orb of night,

And meeting with thy hand, a double station
took.

Sakun. I don't see it now. The wind shaking my ear-lotus,
its dust has darkened my sight.

King (*with a smile*). If thou allowest, I will make it clear
with the wind of my mouth.

Sakun. Then I may feel your compassion. But I don't
trust you.

King. Nay, not so, for new is thy attendant; beyond the
order of the revered person to be served there remains
nothing better.

Sakun. This very mark of great attention induces trust.

King (*to himself*). I will not, so pleasing is my own
time of service, neglect it. (*This said, is in act to lift
up her face*).

Sakun. (*betraying obstruction to love, stops*).

King. O thou with bewitching eyes, do not dread immod-
esty from us.

Sakun. (*seeing a little, stands with down-dropt look*).

King (*with two fingers lifting up her face, to himself*).

(21h) All with a beauteous trembling, here,
Unhurt by touch and tender, lo,
Consent unto my drouth, as 'twere,
My darling's lip doth seem to show.

Sakun. You're slow, as 'twere, to recognise me, my
goodman.

King. Thy ear-lotus being near, at the likeness of thy eye
I am amazed. (*This said, with the wind of his mouth
serves her eye*).

Sakun. Good: I've got back to my proper state. But I'm

ashamed of having done you no good, you who did me
a sweet thing, my goodman.

King. O, fair ! what else ?

(21.) This face, too, tended well, O feeble one,
This all-fragrant face of thine, tho' I have
scented,

O tell me, is the honey-making drone

With lotus' smell alone contented ?

Sakun. With your discontent, what will you do ?

King. This. (*This said, resolutely brings her face near him*).]

[D (22) Let thy lip, all unhurt by touch and tender

As a new blossom, by me, the drone six-footed,

Let thy lip—in my drouth a kind offender

I am, fair maid !—of its mead by me be looted.

(*This said, wishes to lift her face up*).]

Sakun. (*prevents him by way of acting*).]

(*In the tiring-room*).

O ruddy gander's bride ! bid farewell to your mate ;
arrived is the night.

Sakun. (*[leaning her ear,] distractedly*). Son of Puru !
doubtless, to learn the state of my body, Madam
Godami's coming this very way. Just get under cover
of a bough.

King. Right ! (*This said, stands hiding himself*).

(*Then enters, vessel in hand, Goutami [D with
the two friends]*).]

[D **The Two Friends.** This way, this way, Madam Godami.]

Goutami (*going up to Sakuntala*). [My child, this s soothing water. (*Seeing and lifting her up*). B'ing indisposed, here, with the gods to help you, alone, you're staying.

Sakun. Just now, Piamvada and Anasua have gone down to the Malini.

Gouta. (*with soothing water, sprinkling Sakuntala*).] My child, [be freed from pain and live long ;] is the fever light in your limbs ? [*This said, touches her.*]

Sakun. [Madam,] I've a change for the better.

Gouta. [*D With this turf-water, your body will be all painless. (Sprinkling Sakuntala on the head).*] My child, far-spent is the day ; come, we'll go to the cottage. [*D This said, is going away.*]

Sakun. (*[getting up somehow,] to herself*). My heart, even at first, at the ready presence of thy desired object, thou didst not leave thy helpless state ; when 'tis suddenly torn from thee, why is now this thy fever ? (*After a few steps, stopping ; aloud*). O creeper-bower, stealer of my fever, I bid thee farewell, yet again to enjoy thee.

(*Sakuntala goes out sorrowfully with the rest*).

King (*coming up to his former seat, with a sigh*). Oh full of obstacles are the successes of one's wished-for objects. For, by me—

(23) As her finger full oft her down-lip buried,

With the short syllable "Nay" excited,

splendid,—

Such a face, of the maid with eye-lash serried,
 Was not kiss'd, shoulder-inclined, somehow
 up-bended.

O where, indeed, shall I go now? Or perhaps, even
 here, in my darling's enjoyed [*D and deserted*]
 creeper-bower, for a moment will I stay. (*Looking
 all round*).

- (24) Her couch, all flower-impurpled, by her body prest
 on this slab of stone at ease;
 This faded note of love, upon the lotus-leaf,
 with her nails engraven light;
 This ornament of lotus, from her hand down-
 dropt;—
 with mine eyes all fixt on these,
 Retire I cannot from this wilding house of canes
 all at once, tho' empty quite.
 [(*Reflecting*). Ah fie! ah fie! I did not act well
 enough, as I, having got my darling, wasted time.
 So now—

- (24a) "If all in secret she,
 fair of face, will to my presence come again,
 I will not lose my time,—
 for, to suitors, worldly things are hard to get":
 So, pain'd by obstacles,
 thinks within itself this heart of mine, insane;
 And, by my darling seen
 clearly, all the same, somehow, 'tis worried
 yet!]
 (*In the tiring-room*).

[Ho! no!] thou King!

(25) The twilight rite of sacrificial pourings now begun,
Around the altar fire-enkindled, cast on ev'ry
side,
Shadows of fiends, in many ways inspiring terror,
run,
Of fiends that feed on meat, as brown as
clouds of eventide.

King [(*listening, proudly*). Ho ! ho ! ye hermits ! fear
not, fear not.] Here, here am I coming. (*This said,
goes out*).

(*So ends the Third Act*

[*named*

"*The Enjoyment of Love*"]).

[**Interval.** A few months.]

PRELUDE TO ACT IV.

[SCENE I.—A Garden near a Cottage in the Hermitage.]

(Then enter, in the act of culling blossoms, the two friends).

Ana. [*D* O my] Piamvada, though, in the Gandhavva mode [of marriage] her auspicious rite performed, [our dear friend] Saundala's come to follow a fit husband, [*D* and so] there's no [*D* want of] satisfaction in my heart [*D*, still this is to be thought of—]

Priyam. What's it?

Ana. To-day, that royal sage, finishing the sacrifice, has been given leave by the sages. When he's entered his own town, and met with the [hundreds of] ladies of his palace, he may or mayn't remember the affair here.

Priyam. [In this, now,] be trusting. Never are such noted forms opposed to worth. [But this is to be thought of.] Our sire now [returning from his pilgrimage and] hearing of this affair, I don't know what will fall.

Ana. So far as I see, he'll approve of it.

Priyam. Why so?

Ana. [What else?] To a worthy man his daughter should fall,—this, now, was his first resolve. If fate itself brings that about, well, [*D* with little trouble,] his object is fulfilled for father.

Priyam. [So 'tis.] (*Looking at the flower-basket*). Friend, we've culled blossoms enough for sacred offerings.

Ana. O, [*D our friend*] Saundala's guardian deity [, too.]
is to be worshipped. [*So, let us cull others.*]

Priyam. 'Tis right.

(This said, they proceed with the same work

(In the tiring-room).

Here am I, ho !

Ana. (*leaning her ear*). Friend, like a [*D revered*] guest's
is this voice.

Priyam. O, near the cottage is Saundala.

Ana. [*reflecting*]. Ah—] now, however, not with her heart
near. Enough of these blossoms! (*This said, they
are going away*).

(In the tiring-room).

Ah ! thou that dishonourest a guest ! —

(1) That one, in thoughts of whom, to nothing else
inclined,

Thou reckest not a hermit, me, arrived as
guest,

That one will not remember thee, tho' put in mind,
Just as a drunken man the word he first
address'd.

[*Both (listening, feel sad).*]

Priyam. Ah fie ! ah fie ! just the unwelcome thing's
come about. Some respect-worthy man's been offend-
ed by empty-hearted Saundala. (*Looking in front*).
[*Friend,*] not any common man ! 'Tis Duvvasa, the
easy-angered sage ! So cursing, with a speed-haughty
[*D hardly-checked*] gait, he's turned back.

Ana. Who else but the Fire-God will have such power to
 • consume? Go, fall on his feet and make him return,
 while I get ready water to wash his feet.

Priyam. Right. (*This said, goes out*).

Ana. (*after a few steps, representing a slip*). Oh! for my
 hasty stumbling [*D gait*], I've let slip from my forearm
 the flower-basket. (*This said, represents the gathering-*
up of flowers).

(*Entering*)

Priyam. Friend, naturally crooked is he: whose entreaty
 does he accept? He was a little softened, however.

Ana. [*D with a smile.*] For him, 'tis much, even this.
 Say on.

Priyam. When he wouldn't return, then did I [fall on his
 feet and] implore: "Almighty sir! seeing that this was
 her first, she not knowing the power [and true meaning]
 of penance, she being your daughter, almighty sir, you
 must pardon this one fault."

Ana. What, what next?

Priyam. Then [he]—"My word mustn't become other-
 wise, but, at the sight of a keepsake ornament, the curse
 shall turn back." While he was so saying, he vanished.

Ana. We can now be reassured. There's that royal sage's
 gift at the time of parting, the ring marked with
 his own name, which, for a forget-me-not, he himself
 put [on the hand of Saundala]: with that, at her own
 command there will be a remedy [*D for Saundala*].

Priyam. Friend, come, let's then perform divine service
 [for her]. (~~*This said, they walk round.*~~)

[SCENE 2.—The Entrance to the Cottage.]

Priyam. (*looking*). Anasua, see now!—placing on her left palm her face, as in a picture, our dear friend, with thoughts of her husband, doesn't mind even herself, much less a newcomer.

Ana. Piamvada, in the mouths of us two only let this affair remain. We shall save, indeed, our naturally tender dear friend.

Priyam. Who, surely, with warm water, sprinkles the newjasmine? (*This said, both go out*).

(*So ends the Prelude*).

[Interval. A few days, more than three.]

ACT IV.

[PLACE—The Penance-Wood of Kanva.

TIME—Early Morning, in Autumn.

ACTION—The Journey to Hastinapura.]

[SCENE 1.—An Open Space before the Cottage.]

(Then enters, just risen from sleep, a pupil of Kanva).

Pupil. To observe the hour, I have been ordered out by his Holiness returned from abroad, [our teacher] Kasyap-son. Gone out into the open air, I will see how much is left of the night. *(Walking round and looking).* Ha! it has dawned. And so---

(2) Here, on the Western peak, the herb-protecting
Moon alights ;
There, harbinger'd by rosy-favour'd Morn, the
Sun appears ;
The simultaneous decadence and rise of these two
lights
Doth rule the world as 'twere by warning
how its fortune veers.
Moreover,

(3) The hare-speck'd Moon now gone, that self-same
Lily to mine eye
Gives no delight, her beauty but remember'd
by the mind
So, women weak, their objects of desire no longer
nigh
Right surely, for endurance all too hard their
sorrows find.

[Moreover,

(3a) The dewy frost
 on top of jujube-trees
 is by foremost twilight dyed ;
 The turfy roof
 of cottages is left
 by the peacock, slumber gone ;
 From altar-side,
 all paw'd about by hoofs,
 rising here at early tide,
 His hinder frame
 full high the stag doth raise,
 stretching forth his limbs anon.
 Moreover,

(3b) Placing his feet
 upon the mighty head
 of Sumeru, Mountain-King,
 The God that glode,
 destroying gloom around,
 into Vishnu's second stride,—
 That Moon-God here
 is falling from the sky,
 with his rays still lingering ;
 The rise too high
 of people, howso' great,
 tends to have a downward slide.]
(Entering with a toss of the curtain)

Ana. [*to herself.*] Though in fact to an unworldly person
 this is not known, yet from that King Saundala has re-
 ceived an unfair treatment.

Pupil. I will speak of the arrival of the hour of oblation
 to my tutor. (*This said, goes out.*)

Ana. [O, the night's dawned, so I lightly got awake. Or perhaps,] though awake, what shall I do? Not even for my usual [morning] duties, do my hands [D and feet] move. Let the Wishful God now have his wish, by whom to an unsoothfast person my pure-hearted [dear] friend's steps were led! Or perhaps, ['tis not the royal sage's fault;] Duvvasa's curse is here causing the change. Otherwise, how's it that that royal sage, having spoken such things, by this time doesn't send even a letter? [*Reflecting.*] So, from here, let's send the keepsake ring. But, among hardship-loving hermits, who's to be solicited? O, to my friend goes the fault; though thus persuaded, I can't, returned from abroad as is Sire Kassav-son, let him know that Dussanda married and got with child Saundala. In such a state, what should we do?

(*Entering*)

Priyam. (*joyfully*). Friend, make haste, make haste, to get Saundala joyful preparations for parting.

Ana. Friend, how's this?

Priyam. Listen. Just now, to ask if she had a happy sleep, I went to Saundala.

Ana. What, what next?

Priyam. Just while she had her face down-dropt for shame, himself embracing her, Sire Kassav-son thus expressed his joy: "My daughter, I'm glad, though smoke obscured the sight of the sacrifice-giver, 'twas in [the mouth of] the fire that the offering fell; my daughter, imparted to a good pupil as 'twere, learning has become unregrettable; this very day, with sages

to guard you, I'll send you to your husband's presence."

Ana. Now, who informed Sire Kassav-son of the affair?

Priyam. He entering the fire-chamber, [so they say,] a bodiless metrical voice.

Ana. (*with astonishment*). What's it?

Priyam. [Listen.] (*Employing Sanskrit*).

(4) That which Dushyanta cast, doth glow,
Held for the earth's increasing good,
Within thy daughter, Brahman, know,
As fire conceived by sacred wood.

Ana. (*clasping Priyamvada*). Friend, sweet news to me, sweet news. But even to-day Saundala's being taken away; so, mixed with uneasiness, comfort's felt by me.

Priyam. [*D Friend,*] we now will [somehow] console our uneasiness; let that poor girl be satisfied.

Ana. And so, in this mango-bough-suspended cocoanut-box, for this very purpose, as it keeps fresh for a long time, I've kept a kesara-wreath. So, please get it near my hand. I, too, will prepare for her yellow pigment, sacred earth and bent-grass blades for an auspicious unguent.

Priyam. So be it done.

Ana. (*by way of acting, plucks flowers*).

(*In the tiring-room*).

Goutami, bid Sarngarava [, Saradvata,] and others get ready for escorting [my daughter] Sakuntala.

Priyam. (*leaning her ear*). Anasua, make haste, make

haste ; here, indeed, the Hatthinaura-going sages are being called.

(Entering, unguent in hand)

Ana. Friend, come, let's go. *(This said, they walk round).*

Priyam. *[D looking.]* Here, even at sunrise, her head washed, hermitesses with hallowed rice in hand and deft at invoking blessings expressing their joy to her, Saundala's standing. Let's go up *[D to her]. (This said, they go up).*

[SCENE 2.—A Creeper-room in the Cottage.]

(Then enters, engaged as described, [D on a seat,] Sakuntala [with Goutami]).

Sakun. Almighty dames, I salute you.

One of the Hermitesses *(to Sakuntala).* My daughter, that which indicates your husband's high honour, the title of "*[D Great] Queen*", be yours.

A Second. My daughter, may you be a hero's mother.

[D A Third.] My daughter, may you be your husband's thought-much-of.]

(This said, [D giving blessings,] all except Goutami go out).

The Two Friends *(coming up).* Friend, a bath in happiness be yours.

Sakun. Welcome to my [dear] friends. This way, sit down.

Both ([*D bringing unguent-vessels,*] *sitting down*). O our friend, be dressed [now]; we'll prepare the auspicious unguent.

Sakun. [Though usual,] even this [to-day] ought to be thought much of. Hard to get [again], now, will a decoration by my [dear] friends be. (*This said, sheds tears*).

Both. Friend, 'tis not right [*D for you*], at this auspicious time, to weep. (*This said, wipe off her tears, and by way of acting trim her*).

Priyam. [Oh!] your ornament-worthy beauty is spoilt by a hermitage's easily-found trimmings.

(*Entering, gifts in hand*)

Two Little Boys of Sages. Here is an ornament: please adorn this lady.

All the Women (*look and are astonished*).

Goutami. My son Naraa, whence is this?

1st Boy. By Sire Kasyap-son's power.

Gouta. Is it his will's product?

2nd Boy. Nay, please listen. By His Holiness [Kanva] we were ordered: "For Sakuntala's sake, from the forest-lords get blossoms." Then [*D at once*]—

- (5) A linen-mantle, moonbeam-pale, auspicious quite
 by some tree was given birth;
 Shed forth for easy application on the feet,
 lac-dye from some other fell;
 And others, thro' the palms of dryads, lifted up
 right unto the wrists' full girth,

Gave ornaments in plenty,—thro' those palms that
vied

with their burst-out leaflets well.

Priyam. (*looking at Sakuntala*). O my friend! [though springing from a hole, the honey-making bee wishes only for lotus-mead.

Gouta. My child,] by this favour is shown that, in your husband's house, you'll enjoy royal fortune.

Sakun. (*represents shame*).

1st Boy. [*D Goutama, come, come ;*] risen from his bath as he is, to Kasyap-son let us impart the forest-lords' services.

[*D 2nd Boy. Right.*] (*This said, they go out*).

The Two Friends. [*Friend,*] [*D lo !*] unaware of decorations we are. [How're you to be adorned? (*Thinking and looking*).] By our knowledge of painting, [now,] on your limbs let's arrange the ornaments.

Sakun. I know your skill.

Both (*by way of acting, adorn her*).

(*Then enters, risen from his bath, Kasyap-son*).

Kasyap-son. (6) Sakuntala to-day is going ; so my heart
with unease is all imbued ;
My throat, for flow of tears suppress'd,
is all too hoarse ;
eager thought bedims my view ;
Such helplessness is mine, alas, thro'
tender love,
tho' my home be in a wood !—

O how are those householders stung,
 when daughters leave,
 by the pangs of parting new !

(This said, walks round).

The Two Friends. O our Saundala, we've [now] finished
 decorating you. Put on, now, this [variegated] pair of
 linen-mantles.

Sakun. *(rises and [by way of acting] puts them on).*

Gouta. My child, here, to you, with a joy-flowing eye embracing you as 'twere, your father's come. Render him obeisance.

Sakun. *(with shame).* Sire, I salute you.

Kas. My daughter,

(7) Yayati loved Sarmishtha true—
 So thou thy husband's honour gain ;
 A son imperial mayst thou, too,
 As she her Puru had, obtain.

Gouta. Almighty sir ! a boon, indeed, this is,—not a blessing.

[SCENE 3.—The Fire-chamber of the Cottage.]

Kas. My daughter, this way, go round the newly-fed fires thrice with thy right towards them.

All *(walk round).*

Kas. [*D blesses her in a hymn-verse.*] [*My daughter,*]

(8) Yon fires, prepared
 around the altar neatly,

With fuel fed,
 strewn near with turf for burning,
 Killing all sin
 with incense smelling sweetly,
 For ritual lit,
 make pure thy spirit's yearning !

[**Sakun.** (*does the going round*).

Kas. My daughter,] set out now. (*With a glance*). [O,
 where are they, Sarngarava [, Saradvata,] and others ?

(*Entering*)

A Pupil. Almighty sir, here are we.

Kas. [My son Sarngarava,] show the way for thy sister.

Sarngarava. This way, lady.

All (*walk round*).

[SCENE 4.—The Neighbourhood of the Cottage.]

Kas. Ho ! ho ! ye [with] neighbouring [dryads,] trees of
 the penance-wood !

(9) She who doth never try to drink her water first,
 while she left unslaked your drought ;
 She who doth never take, tho' fond of ornaments,
 out of love, your tendrils new ;
 She who, when first your blossom-offspring leap
 to light,
 all with festive mirth is fraught ;
 That same Sakuntala doth seek her husband's
 home,

bid ye all a fair adieu !

[**Sarnga.**] (*Noting the cry of a cuckoo*). [Almighty sir !]

- (10) Bidden is Sakuntala to go from here,
 By trees, her friends throughout her cherish'd wood-abode ;
 As it were the cuckoo cried his warble clear,
 They have return'd me here an answer in this mode ;—

(In the air).

- (11) With pleasing intervals by lotus-verdant pools
 supplied,
 With shadow-bearing trees the heat of
 sunrays to allay,
 May for her be, with dust by lotus-pollens
 mollified,
 By peaceful friendly breezes fann'd, and
 speeding, all her way.

All (in wonder, listen).

Gouta. My child, they that love you as their own kindred
 have bade you farewell,—the nymphs of the penance-
 wood. Bow to those almighty goddesses.

Sakun. *(bowing, walking round).*

[SCENE 5.—The Entrance of the Hermitage.]

Sakun. *(aside to Priyamvada).* [D O my] Piamvada,
 though I'm eager to see my goodman, while I leave the
 hermitage, hardly do my feet move forward.

Priyam. Not only is the pain of parting from the penance-
 wood on my friend, your absence being near, the
 penance-wood also is just seen in the same state.

(12) Dribble mouthfuls of new turf adown
 From deer; no more the dance of peafowl
 madding;
 Off-casting all their leafage brown,
 Creepers, as it were, their tears are shedding.

Sakun. (*remembering*). Sire, I'll bid farewell to my creeper-sister, Forest-Moonlight.

Kas. [My daughter,] I know thy sisterly love for her.
 She is just on the right. [See.]

Sakun. (*going up to the creeper*). Forest-Moonlight, though joined to the Mango-tree, embrace me with thy hitherward bough-arms. From this day forth, I'll be far away from thee. [Sire, like me, she should be taken care of by you.]

Kas. [My daughter,]

(13) What I was minded from the very first for thee to
 find,
 A husband like thyself, by dint of merit thou
 hast won;
 All with the Mango-tree is this Newjasmine-creeper
 twined;
 For her, I feel, for thee as well, now all my cares
 are gone.

[So,] from here, set out on thy way.

Sakun. ([*going up*] to her friends). O my friends, she's in the hands of you both, a trust.

Both. We--in whose hands are we placed? (*This said, shed tears*).

Kas. Anasuya, [Priyamvada,] do not weep. O, you two ladies should calm Sakuntala.

All (*walk round*).

[SCENE 6.—A Cottage by the Wayside.]

Sakun. Sire, here's grazing by the side of 'the cottage, slow with [weight of] young, a stag's bride ; when she's fawned safely, then you'll send some one to tell the sweet news to me. [Don't forget this.]

Kas. [My daughter,] this we will not forget.

Sakun. (*representing a break of gait*). O who, indeed, is here clinging to my garment ?

Kas. [*D* My daughter,]

(14) He whom thou wouldst, with sore-abating oil of
hermit's-tree,
Besprinkle well upon the face, when prick'd by
spear-grass spine,
And who, with corn in handfuls, was full kindly rear'd
by thee,
That deer, thy son adopted, doth not leave those
steps of thine.

Sakun. My son, why, while I'm leaving my home amongst you, dost thou follow me ? Soon after thy birth thy dam lost, [as] thou wast reared by me, [so] even now, deprived of me as thou art, my sire will think of thee. So turn back [, my son, turn back]. (*This said, is going away weeping*).

Kas. [My daughter, do not weep. Be calm. This way, look on thy path.]

[**Sakun.** (*aside to Anasuya*). O my friend, see ! though but a lotus-leaf hides her mate,—not seeing him, pained, the ruddy gander's bride is crying. What's hard to do, I'm doing.

Ana. Friend, don't say so.

(16a) She even, of her mate forlorn,
 Passes, all the longer as it seems for woe, her night ;
 Heavy tho' the pain of wrench, 'tis borne,
 Because Hope's prop doth make it light.]

Kas. [My son] Sarngarava, thus should you, in my name,
 to that King presenting Sakuntala, say—

[**D Sarnga.** Command, almighty sir.

Kas.] (17) "Regarding well, that but in penance we are
 rich,

and thine own exalted race,
 And all that unto thee from her did flow of love,
 tho' by kinsmen never led,
 With honour such as others have, among thy queens,
 thou must look upon her face ;
 On fortune hangs the rest; that surely should not be
 by the bride's own kinsmen said."

Sarnga. [Almighty sir,] nothing, indeed, to the wise, is
 out of reach, I am sure.

Kas. [My daughter,] such as thou art, thou, when from
 here thou reachest thy husband's home,

(18) Wait on thy betters; act the part of darling friend
 unto ev'ry fellow-bride ;
 Tho' by thy husband treated ill, in wrathfulness
 do not send awry thy face ;

Be vastly courteous unto them that on thee wait
 in thy fortunes take no pride ;
 Thus turn to housewives women young, while those
 perverse
 are the banes of all the race.

Or how does Goutami think ?

Gouta. Such '[, indeed,] is the bride's motto. (*To Sakuntala*). My child ! to all this, indeed, you'll pay heed.

Kas. [Come,] my daughter, embrace me and your friends.

Sakun. Sire, is it even from here that Piamvada and my other friend will turn back ?

Kas. My daughter, they, too, are to be given away. It is not right for them to go there. With you, Goutami will go.

Sakun. (*clasping her father*). How now, removed from my sire's arms, like the sandal-wood wrenched from her tree on Malaa, shall I bear life in another land ? [*This said, weeps.*]

Kas. My daughter, why art thou so troubled ?

(19) Within thy husband's house,
 high-pedigreed,
 a housewife's esteem soon won ;
 Amid his duties, great
 for costliness,
 thou being engaged all day ;
 A hallow'd son ere long
 brought forth by thee
 as springs from the East



Thou wilt not count, my child,
 the sorrow felt
 for being from me away.

[Moreover, consider this :

(19a) Since here the body and the soul embodied
 Shall, all for certain, come to have a parting,
 Then, if from one whose union is but studied
 There's severing, who should with grief be
 smarting ?]

Sakun. (*falls on her father's feet*). Sire, I salute you.

Kas. [My daughter,] what I wish thee, may that be.

Sakun. (*going up to her friends*). O my friends! even
 both of you embrace me at one and the same time.

The Two Friends (*doing so*). Friend, if somehow that King
 be slow to recognise you, then show him this ring
 marked with his own name.

Sakun. This advice of yours makes me shiver.

The Two Friends. Don't fear; kind love dreads evil.

Sarnga. [*looking*]. Almighty sir,] another part of the
 sky has been mounted by the Sun. Please make haste,
 lady.

Sakun. (*standing with her face towards the hermitage*).
 Sire, when shall I see again the penance-wood ?

Kas. [*D Please listen.*] [My daughter,]

(20) Remaining long the four-sky-bounded Earth's one
 fellow-bride,
 Dushyanta's child, with car uncheck'd, thy son,
 kept suzerain,

Thy husband, handing him the charge of kindred,
on thy side,
Upon this peaceful hermitage thou wilt set
foot again.

Gouta. My child, you're wasting the hour of [your] going.
Make your father return. Or else, and as long,
again and again, she'll speak like this. Please return,
sir.

Kas. My daughter, this interrupts the working of [my]
penance.

Sakun. [*D again clasping her father.*] Troubled for
working penance is my sire's body. So don't be
troubled too much for my sake.

Kas. [O thou! why dost thou thus stupefy me?] (*With a sigh*).

(21) O how to pacify my sorrow,
My child, when that which was at first pre-
pared by thee,

Growing by the cottage door, O,
The rice-oblation, I shall look to see?
Go, speeding to thee be thy ways.

(*Sakuntala goes out with her escort*).

The Two Friends (*looking [long] at Sakuntala [, piteously]*). Ah fie! ah fie! lost is Saundala in the row of
woods.

Kas. [*D with a sigh.*] Anasuya, [*Priyamvada,*] gone is
your fellow-worker of piety! Restrain your [inward]
sorrow and follow me [as I go away].

[*All (are going away).*]

Both the Friends. Sire! deprived of Saundala, empty as 'twere is the penance-wood; how shall we enter it?

Kas. Kind love in its flow sees like this. (*Pensively walking round*). Ha! ho! Sakuntala being sent to her husband's home, I have got back now to my, proper state. Why,

(22) 'Tis but another's property, a daughter;

She now to him, that took her, sent and

tender'd,

Right well is clear'd of ev'ry care about her

This soul of mine, as for deposit render'd.

(*This said, all go out*).

(*So ends the Fourth Act*

[*named*

"*The Departure of Sakuntala*"]).

[**Interval.** About a day and a half.]

ACT V.

[PLACE—The Palace of Dushyanta.

TIME—Early Evening, in Autumn.

ACTION—The Rejection of the Wife.]

[SCENE 1.—A Private Chamber in the King's
Palace at Hastinapura.]

*(Then enters [D, on a seat,] the King, with the jester
[and with attendants according to rank]).*

[King *(with a smile).* O please take your seat.

*(Both sit down, and the attendants stand in their
proper place. In the tiring-room the sound
of a lyre).]*

Jest. *(leaning his ear).* Ho companion ! towards the music-saloon please pay heed. A clear-warbled song combined with a voice is heard. I think Her Highness Hamsavadia is practising her notes.

King. Hush ! I will listen.

(In the air is sung)

(1) Thou that art by honey new allured for aye—
Once having kiss'd the Mango-Shoot with heart so keen,
In the Lotus solely all too fain to stay,
O Honey-Maker, why hast thou forgot her clean ?

King. Oh ! the melody-flowing song.

Jest. [Ho companion !] have you now, in that song, got at the meaning of the words ?

- (3) What, for the sake of form, with heed was taken
 up by me,
 My staff of cane, within the ladies'-chambers
 of the King,
A long, long time now past, to me that staff has
 come to be
 The means of propping up my gait with foot-
 steps faltering.

[I will, as he is gone inside, inform his Majesty of a duty, not letting time be thrown away. (*Going a little distance*). What now is it? (*Remembering*). Ah yes! Kanva's pupils, hermits, wish to see his Majesty. Ho! strange this is.

- (3a) All in a while the sense returns :

'Tis overrun by gloom again ;

Like flame of lamp, ere out it burns,

An old man's mind doth wax and wane.]

[D Ho! rightly enough, judicial duties are not to be put off by the King. Still,] [truly I feel some dread;] even now, as he is risen from the seat of justice, [to his Majesty,] I dare not announce [D that which troubles again,] the coming of Kanva's pupils. Or perhaps, without rest is this office of ruling a people. Why,

- (4) The Sun did yoke but once his steeds that hurry ;
Both day and night the scent-fraught Wind
is blowing ;
The Serpent, Space, the world doth always carry ;
So he that draws the sixth hath duties going.

[D I will perform my task.] (*Walking round and looking*). Here his Majesty,

(5) As offspring of his own his subjects ruling,

All tired in mind, a lonely spot enjoyeth;

As, driving troops, sun-sear'd, to shadows cooling

By day the elephantine monarch-flieth.

(*Going up*). Victory to your Majesty. Here, indeed, dwellers in the woods of the Snowy Mountain's valley, bringing a message from Kasyap-son, along with ladies, hermits are arrived. Hearing this, your Majesty will please judge.

King (*respectfully*). What! bringing a message from Kasyap-son? [along with ladies? hermits?]

Cham. Yes.

King. And so, in my name tell Chaplain Somarata that he should receive those hermitage-dwellers in a manner after the Holy Writ, and himself introduce them. I, too, will stand here in a place fit for seeing hermits, and wait.

Cham. As is the command of your Majesty. (*This said, goes out*).

King (*rising*). Vetravati, direct the way to the fire-chamber.

Portress. This way, this way, [come,] your Majesty.

[SCENE 2.—A Court-yard in the Palace.]

King ([D walks round:] showing fatigue from office).

Every creature, on attaining his wished-for objects, becomes happy. But when kings have their objects fulfilled, fresh troubles come. [Why,]

(6) 'Tis but the longing endeth, when an object is
achieved ;
Fresh pain the guarding of the thing acquired
doth soon demand ;
'Tis not for quelling too much toil, but toil to be
received,
That kingship is,—like sunshade, handle-held
with one's own hand.

(In the tiring-room)

Two Court Bards. Victory to your Majesty.

1st Court Bard.

(7) Thine own happiness not wishing,
 thou for thy folk art weary ;
 Or perhaps, a daily function
 thou art this way fulfilling ;
 On its head the tree endureth
 the heat of summer dreary,
 While it pacifies the shelter'd,
 with shade their fever killing.

2nd Court Bard.

(8) Those set out on wicked courses,
with mace assumed, thou rulest ;
Pacify thou dost all quarrel ;
thou tendest for protection ;

When one's fortunes are not narrow,
 let kin be plentifullest,—
 But in thee the friendly duty
 to subjects finds perfection.

King [(*listening*). A miracle!] Here, wearied in mind [for pressure of duties], we are again refreshed. (*This said, walks round*).

[**Jest.** Ho! being called the Captain of Kine, the bullock feels his toil disappearing.]

Portress. [(*walking round*). My lord, here,] newly-swept and neat with the libation milch-cow near, is the fire-chamber terrace. Ascend, your Majesty.

King [(*by way of acting*) ascending, leaning on the shoulders of his attendant].

[SCENE 3.—The Fire-chamber of the Palace.]

King (*standing*). Vetravati, for what purpose should His [D Almighty] Holiness Kasyap-son send me sages?

(9) Hath, then, the penance of those penitents devout
 been by obstacles defiled?
 Or may it be, on lives that roam the pious wood,
 some one hath inflicted ill?
 Or otherwise, have my misdeeds delay'd from birth
 blossoms of the creepers wild?
 Thus rid by many thoughts, unable to decide,
 all my mind is troubled still.

Portress. [Your Majesty with your strong arm keeping satisfied the seat of the hermitage, how could this be?

But,] rejoicing at their deeds safely over, the sages are come to pay their respects to your Majesty, I think. *(Then enter, along with Goutami, presenting Sakuntala, sages, and in front of them the chamberlain and the chaplain).*

Cham. This way, this way, sirs.

Saṅgarava.* [Friend] Saradvata,

(10) Oh ! rightly noble-soul'd

is the Lord of men, not swerved from rectitude :

Not one of all the grades,

even tho' the lowest, seeks the path of wrong ;

This palace, all the same,—

with a mind accustom'd unto solitude

I think,—is crowded so.

'tis but like a house which flames encircling

throng.

Saradvata. I know, sir, you, on entering town, have become like that. I, too,—

(11) As the bathed sees one oil-stain'd,

As the clean sees one unclean, as one awake
the drowsing,

As one free-moving one enchain'd,

So I know all persons here in bliss carousing.

[**Priest.** It is for this that men like you, sirs, are great.]

Sakun. (*feeling an omen*). Ah me! why does my right eyelid throb?

Goutami. My child, heaven avert the ill ! Happy prospects to you, may your husband's household gods grant !
(*This said, walks round*).

Priest (*pointing to the King*). Ho ! [*D ho !*] ye hermits !
there, his Majesty, guardian of all grades and orders,
already leaving his seat, awaits you. See him !

Sarnga. [*D Ho mighty Brahman !*] rightly enough, this is
to be rejoiced at ; still we are here indifferent. Why,

(12) Down-bent do trees become, with fruits' increasing
weight ;

Hang far adown thick clouds, with waters just
renew'd ;

Not haughty, with their riches, are the good and
great ;

Such is their nature, yea, who work out others'
good.

Portress. Your Majesty, with a cheerful hue on their
faces they appear. Unreserved, I suppose, is the busi-
ness of the sages.

King (*seeing Sakuntala*). Now, [*D this lady—*]

(13) Who may she be, hidden in her veil,

Not too well her body's loveliness displaying,

In the midst of hermits pale,

Like leaflet in the midst of leaves decaying ?

Portress. Your Majesty, [*D full of curiosity and sent for-
ward as 'tis, no farther does my guess go ;*] worth
seeing, however, her shape appears.

King. Let it be ; one should not [, indeed,] survey
another's wife.

Sakun. (*putting hand on breast ; to herself*). My heart,
why dost thou tremble so ? Understanding my goodman's
[continuous] love, now be still.

Priest (*going in front*). [Hail, your Majesty. Your Majesty,] here, [indeed,] duly received, are the hermits. They have got some message from their tutor. To that your Majesty will please listen.

King [*respectfully*]. I am all heed.

Sages (*lifting up their hands*). Victory to you, O King.

King. To all [of you], my compliments.

Sages. [Hail, your Highness.] [D What you desire, may you come by.]

King. Are all obstacles away from the penance of the sages?

Sages. (14) Whence obstacles to pious rite,

Thou, guardian of the good, anear?

How, while the warm-ray'd sun gives light,

Will darkness to the view appear?

King. [(*to himself*). In every way,] full of meaning, indeed, is my title of "King." (*Aloud*). Is his almighty Holiness [, to favour the people,] keeping "well", our Kasyap-son?

Sages. [O King!] at their own control [, indeed,] is the health of those that have will-power. He, asking your Highness' "freedom from illness," says this—

King. What is the command [of his Holiness]?

Sarnga. "By mutual pact, this my daughter your Highness took to wife; to that I, being well pleased, give my assent. Why,

(15) As foremost of the worthy, thou to us art known;
Sakuntala is like embodied pious deed;

Uniting groom and bride of equal worth as one,
 'Tis after long the Lord of Life from blame is
 freed.

So now, she being with child, accept her for working
 piety together."

Gouta. [Gentle] Sir, [*D* there's something] I wish to
 speak; but there's no room for me to speak. [*D* This is
 how it is—]

[**King.** Madam, please say.

Gouta.] (16) She for her betters waited not;
 Nor you did ask her folk, their wish to
 gather;

On what between you twain you wrought,
 Of one what say I to the other?

Sakun. [*to herself.*] O what, indeed, does my goodman say?

King. [*in dread, listening worriedly.*] Lo! what is this
 brought up?

Sakun. (*to herself.*) All fire, indeed, are the words he puts
 together.

Sarnga. How? "this"! surely? [O,] your [*D* revered]
 Highness himself is very well steeped in secular affairs.

(17) Tho' pure, if solely with her kin she doth reside,
 Men dread for otherwise a woman with a lord;
 So, in the presence of her husband to abide,
 Her folk desire a woman, tho' by him abhorr'd.

King. And what? this lady was married by me before?

Sakun. (*sadly, to herself.*) My heart, now is thy dread!

Sarnga. [O King!]

(18) What! a deed done 'discarded,
 Should a King away from piety be turning?

King. Whence is this question imputing ill ?

Sarnga. [*in anger.*]

Oft tell yon changes sordid

On those the wine of power keeps burning !

King. , A particular attack on me !

Gouta. [*to Sakuntala.*] My child, for a moment be not ashamed ; I'll just take off your veil, then you'll have your husband's recognition. (*This said, does as she said.*)

King (*surveying Sakuntala, to himself.*)

(19) Such a form in such a manner
arrived, with grace unsullied,
Doubting if it was or was not
at first by marriage taken,
Like a drone at dawn beholding
a jasmine frosty-bellied,
To enjoy I am not able,
nor can I send forsaken !

(*This said, stands pondering.*)

Portress [*to herself.*] Oh ! the regard for piety of my Master. About such an easily-arrived form, surely, who else hesitates ?

[**Sarnga.** Ho King ! why are you keeping silent ?]

King. Ho hermit[s] ! even after thinking, I do not, indeed, remember having taken the hand of this lady. So how, as she bears evident signs of being with child, while thereto I dread my own nominal fatherhood, shall I accept her ?

Sakun. (*aside to the audience*). [Ah fie! ah fie! what!]
by my goodman even our marriage is doubted. Where,
now, is my far-mounting [creeper of] hope?

Sarnga. Not like that!

(20) Consenting to the wrong thou didst concerning

His daughter, is the sage to meet with rude-
ness,

He who, his own thing filch'd from him returning,
Made thee, a robber thou, receive his good-
ness?

Sara. Sarngarava, stop you now. Sakuntala, what had
to be said has been said by us. Here, he — his
Highness—says so. Please give him a convincing
reply.

Sakun. (*aside to the audience*). This changed state hav-
ing come over such a love, what else is gained by
making him remember? [Or at least,] my own self now
has to be freed; so I've thought of this. (*Aloud*). My
goodman! (*This being half-uttered*). [Or perhaps,]
doubt being cast now on our marriage, this is not the
proper address. Son of Puru! is it right, surely, for
you, in that way, formerly in the seat of the hermitage,
naturally open-hearted as this person is, after a pact
to cheat her, and then with such words to cast her
out?

King (*shutting his ears*). Peace! it is sin!

(21) Why, thyself, thy lineage to charge,

Strivest thou, and also make this person suffer
fall,

As a stream, fretting her marge,
Stains her clear wave, and sweeps the side-
tree all ?

Sakun. Good : if really, dreading another's wife, you've acted so, then with this keepsake your dread I'll remove.

King. A good idea !

Sakun. (*feeling the place of the ring*). Ah fie ! [ah fie !]
the ring is off my finger. (*This said, looks sadly at Goutami*).

Gouta. [My child,] surely, you, while inside the Descent of Sakka, worshipping the water of the Shrine of Sai, let slip the ring.

King [*D with a smile*]. This is that thing, "Ready is the wit of womankind," which men say.

Sakun. In this now, fate has shown itself master.
Another thing I'll tell you.

King. Worth hearing, now, it has become.

Sakun. O, one day, in the newjasmine bower, in a lotus-leaf cup there was water near your hand.

King. We are hearing ; then—

Sakun. At that moment, he, my foster-child, [*D Long-eye-corners by name,*] the deer-fawn, appeared. [Then] you, saying "Let him drink first," kindly coaxed him [*D with the water*]. But he didn't, as he didn't know you, get near your hand. Afterwards, when that very water was taken by me, he made your acquaintance. Then you jested thus : "[In sooth,] every creature trusts his own kindred: even both of you here are wild."

King. By such and other means, women serving their own ends, with untruthful word-honeys, draw the worldly-minded.

Gouta. Noble Sir, you should not say so. Bred in a penance-wood, [indeed,] this lady's unaware of deceit.

King. Old hermit matron!—

(22) The craft untaught of she's, in others than in
womankind,

Is often seen ; what shall I say of those with
reason curst ?

Her nestling brood, ere they their way unto the
welkin find,

By other birds twice-born, the cuckoo, others'-
bred, gets nurst.

Sakun. (*in wrath*). Ignoble man ! judging by your own heart, you see [all this, it seems]. What other man, now, entering as you do the shell of piety, resembling as you do a straw-covered pit, will fall into imitating you ?

King (*to himself*). [For abiding in a wood artless, all the same, her anger appears. And so,

(22a) A sidelong look she doth not cast ;

her eye doth quiver, light-red to view ;

Her voice, again, with sounds full harsh,
is not well-fitted with sentence spoke ;

As tho' with frost afflicted, quakes

her whole, whole down-lip, of coccule's hue ;

By nature fully bent, her brows

are both together in sunder broke.

Moreover,] causing a misgiving to my reason, deceitless
as it were her anger appears. And so, she,—

(23) While I alone, my feelings for forgetfulness all dire,
Will not accept a love that secretly between
us happ'd,
She, thro' the burst of curvèd brows, with eyes
too red like fire,
The bow of Kama as it were, in wrath, in
sunder snapp'd.

(*Aloud*). Gentle lady, well-known are Dushyanta's
doings [among his subjects], yet I do not find this.

Sakun. [(23a) You, you are judges solely ;
And you in keeping the world's law are
clever ;

By shame o'er-master'd wholly,
Ladies know not anything whatever.]

Full well now, in this, I'm taken for one that acts at
will ; I who, trusting the Puru race, got near the
hands of one, honey-mouthed, but poison-hearted !

(*This said, covering her face with her cloth-end, weeps*).

Sarnga. In this way, a self-committed [but counteracted]
hastiness causes burning.

(24) So, one should form, with eye all round,
A secret union, most of all ;
Thus, one another's hearts not found,
A bosom-friendship turns to gall.

King. O sirs ! ho !—why, simply trusting [the words of]
this lady, do you attack us with words of heaped-up
charges ?

Sarnga. (*spitefully*). You have heard, sirs, the base answer !

(25) One who from birth did learn no sleight whatever,
 The word of such a one, not worth believing !
 And those who study topping others, clever, ,
 As science,—are their speeches worth receiving ?

King. Ho truth-teller ! granted now by us, it is so ; but what, by topping her cleverness, do we gain ?

Sarnga. Damnation.

King. That " damnation " is sought by the sons of Puru, is not trustworthy.

Sara. Sarngarava, why answer ? We have given our tutor's message. Let us return. [*D To the King.*]

(26) So here's your Highness' partner bright,
 Leave her or take her unto you ;
 For, o'er one's wife is proven quite
 One's mastery at ev'ry view.

Goutami, go in front. (*This said, they are going away*).

Sakun. What ! this deceitful man has betrayed me ; you, too, are leaving me ? (*This said, goes after them*).

Gouta. (*stopping*). My son Sangaraa, she comes [*D here, indeed,*] after us, piteous-moaning Saundala ! Cast out harshly by her husband, what else can my little daughter do ?

Sarnga. (*in wrath, turning back*). What ! forward woman ! you are adopting self-rule !

Sakun. (*trembles in fear*).

Sarnga. [*D Sakuntala!*] [*Listen, lady—*]

(27) If, as is said by the Ruler, exactly so

Thou be, what use has thy father in thee
outcast?

If, then, at heart to be holy thy vow thou know,

Rather, at home of thy lord, be a slave at
last!

Stay, we go.

King. Ho hermit! why do you betray this lady? See,

(28) The hare-speck'd Moon the Lilies sole,

And the Sun the Lotuses alone arouses;

For, those who are possess'd of self-control

Have minds averse to others' spouses.

Sarnga. But since a former event, through your attachment to other things, has been forgotten by your Highness, then how are you afraid of impiety?

King [*to the priest*]. Even to your Reverence [*here*] I put it; which is the heavier, and which the lighter?

(29) Forgetful I may be, or they

May tell a falsehood; doubting this,

Am I to put my wife away,

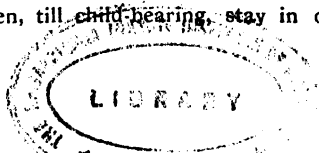
Or touch another's wife amiss?

Priest (*pondering*). If now you please do this—

King. Direct me, sir [*my tutor*].

Priest. Let this lady then, till child-bearing, stay in our house.

[**King.** Why is that?



Priest.] Why do I say so? If you ask this, you have the holy men's [and fortune-tellers'] prophecy that, at the very first, a King of Kings will be your son begotten. If that grandchild of the sage will bear marks thereof, [then] you will welcome her and introduce her into your queenly bowers. But, in case of the reverse, sending her to her father is certain.

King. As my revered tutor pleases.

Priest [*rising*]. My daughter, follow me.

Sakun. Almighty wealth-bearing Earth! give me room in a cleft!

(This said, is going away weeping ; goes out with the priest and hermits).

King *(the curse intercepting his memory, thinks only about Sakuntala).*

(In the tiring-room).

A miracle!

King *(listening)*. O what, indeed, may it be?

(Entering)

Priest *(with astonishment)*. Your Majesty, a strange thing, indeed, has happened.

King. What is it?

Priest. [*D* Your Majesty,] on the turning back of Kanva's pupils,

(30) She, blaming hard
her fortunes, damsel tender,
With arm upraised,
as soon in woe gan weeping,—

King. And what ?

Priest. Lo, female-form'd,
near the Nymphs' Shrine out yonder,
Snatching her off,
a certain flash ran sweeping !

All (*represent astonishment*).

King. Almighty sir, from the very first I rejected that
affair. What, for nothing, will be solved by guess ?
Please take rest [*D, sir*].

Priest [*D looking*]. Victory to you. (*This said, goes out*).

King. Vetravati, I am [somewhat] troubled ; direct the
way to the bedchamber.

Portress. This way, this way, [come,] your Majesty.
(*This said, is going away*).

King. (31) Right enough rejected,
Yonder sage's daughter, as espoused I can't
recall ;

Yet, in manner strong affected,

My heart doth lead me to believe it all.

(*This said, all go out*).

(*So ends the Fifth Act*

[*named*

"*The Rejection of Sakuntala*").

[**Interval.** A few years.]

INDUCTION TO ACT VI.

[SCENE 1.—The High Street of Hastinapura.]

(Then enters the town inspector [D the "King's brother-in-law"], and, leading a man with hands tied behind, two constables).

The Two Constables (*striking [the man]*). O you Kumbhilaa ! say 'ow you got this joo'll'd name-chased royal ring !

The Man (*in act of fear*). Please, guv'nors ! I doesn't do such a [wrong] thing !

1st Const. W'ot ! [*indeed,*] takin' you for a shinin' Bahman, the King made you a pres'nt ?

Man. Lis'n now. I [, *indeed,*] live inside the Descent o' Sakka as fisherm'n.

2nd Const. [*'Allo !*] thief ! did we ask you your caste [an' your diggin's] ?

The King's Brother-in-law. Suaa, let him say all step by step. Don't stop him [*D in the middle*].

Both. As your honour commands. Say on [, O say on].

Man. I, with net, 'ooks an' so on as means o' catchin' fish, keeps me 'ousefolk.

King's B.-in-L. (*jesting*). Most refined, now, is your living !

Man. [Master, don't say so.]

- (1) If a craft you was born to, nasty be,
 'You should ne'er give up the craft an' others find ;

Tho' for killin' the brutes full dire is 'e,

Yet the 'eart e'en o' the slayin' priest is kind.

King's B.-in-L. What, what next?

Man. [Now,] one day, I cuts into bits a carp, w'en, inside it, this [big-]gem-glimmin' ring was found. Next, I, ['ere] showin' it for sale, was taken by me guv'nors. Kill me or quit me, this is the story of its turnin' up.

King's B.-in-L. [*smelling the ring.*] Janua! [it must have been in the belly of a fish, no misgiving that: hence this stench from it!] [*D This stinking crocodile-eater is but a catch-fish, no doubt.*] The finding of the ring by him must be considered. [So come,] we'll go even to the King's house.

The Two Consts. Right.

[King's B.-in-L. (to the fisherman).] Go on, O you cut-purse!

All (*walk round*).

[SCENE 2.—The City-gate of Hastinapura.]

King's B.-in-L. Suaa, watch him at the wicket of the city-gate carefully. I'll tell his Majesty how the ring turned up, get his orders, and return.

Both the Consts. Go in, your honour, to get our lord's pleasure.

[King's B.-in-L. Right!] (*This said, the "King's brother-in-law" goes out.*)

1st Const. Janua, 'e's long [*D, indeed,*] in comin', the King's brother-in-law.

2nd Const. O, it's at 'is leisure you should go up to the gracious King.

1st Const. Janua, there's an itch in [the fore-part of] me 'ands to dress up flowers for this [purse-cuttin'] feller's death. (*This said, points to the man*).

Man. You shouldn't kill me, guv'nor, without no cause.

2nd Const. (*looking*). 'Ere, our master with a paper [*D* in 'is 'and], gettin' the King's orders,—[*D* is seen turnin' this way.] (*To the fisherman*). Will you [see your own people's face, or] be food for vultures [an' jack-als] [*D*, or see a 'ound's mouth] ?

(*Entering*)

[**King's B.-in-L.** Quickly, quickly let this—(*This being half-uttered*).

The Poor Fisherman. Ah ! I'm done for. (*This said, acts sadness*).]

King's B.-in-L. [*D* Suaa, please] let go [, O let go,] this liver-by-nets. Quite true, indeed, is his story of the ring turnin' up. [Our Master himself told me—]

Suchaka. As your honour says.

[*D* **2nd Const.**] This feller, gettin' into the 'ouse o' Jama, is come back ! (*Unlooses the fetters of the man*).

Man (*bowing to the "King's brother-in-law"*). Master ! [you've ransomed me life. (*This said, falls on his feet*).] [*D* Now, 'ow am I to get me livin' ?]

King's B.-in-L. [Get up, get up.] Here, his Majesty's [*D* caused to be] given [as] a token of pleasure [a present] equal to the ring's value. [So take it.] (*This said, gives money to the man*).

Man (*bowing, accepting it*). [*D* Master,] I'm favoured.

Suchaka. This, shoorely, is a favour [by the King], that 'e took you down from the death-stake, an' put you on an elephant's shoulders !

Januka. Your honour, the gift shows, that ring must be liked by 'is Majesty.

King's B.-in-L. 'Tis not for the costly gem in it that his Majesty thinks so much of it. [This, however—

Both. What's it, to be sure ? •

King's B.-in-L.] I fancy, at the sight of it, his Majesty's beloved person was brought back to his mind ; [since, on seeing it,] for a time, though naturally grave, his eyes were flowing with tears.

Suchaka. A service 'as been done, shoorely, by your honour.

[This said, sees the man with spite.]

Januka. O say, 'tis owin' to this lord o' fishers.

Man. Master, let 'arf o' this be the price o' your goodwill.

Januka. [*D* That's right.

King's B.-in-L.] Fisherman, now you're a great man, you've become my dear companion. With the yellow globe-flower wine to witness, I wish our first bosom-friendship to be made. So, let's go along to a wine-shop.

(This said, all go out).

(So ends the Induction).

[Interval.—A few days.]

ACT VI.

[Place—The Palace of Dushyanta.

Time—Forenoon, in Early Spring.

Action—The Sorrow of the Husband.]

[SCENE 1.—A Part of the Pleasure-garden of the Palace.]

(Then enters, passing through the sky, Sanumati by name, a sky-nymph).

Sanumati. I've performed the task, to be performed by turns, of keeping near the Nymphs' Shrine [*D* while holy men's bathing-time lasts]. At present, this royal sage's actions I'll see with my own eyes. Through my relations with Menaa, one with my own body is Saundala. She also, for her daughter's sake, gave me the errand before. (*Looking around*). O why, indeed, is it that, even at the season's festival, no beginning of of festivities appears in the royal house? I have the mystic power of knowing all by meditation. But my friend's earnest request I must honour. Good: even out of these garden-tending maids, myself veiled by my self-hiding art, keeping near them, I'll get the truth. (*This said, by way of acting descends and stands*).

(Then enters, looking at the mango-sprout, a maid-servant, and another behind her).

1st Maid. (2) Lightly-copper'd, greenish, tawny-hued,
Thou be-all of life to vernal month of
pleasance,
O Bud of Mango, thou art view'd;
O blessing of the season, hail thy
presence!

2nd Maid. [Friend] Parahudia, what are you saying by
| yourself?

1st Maid. [Friend] Mahuaria, on seeing the mango-bloom,
a madness [, indeed,] comes over Parahudia.

2nd Maid. (joyfully [going up in haste]). What! is it
come, the honeyed month?

1st Maid. Mahuaria, for you [, too,] now this is the time
for mirth, gaiety and song.

2nd Maid. Friend, prop me up. I'll stand on tip-toe, take
the mango-bloom, and worship God Kama.

1st Maid. If [so, then] I, too, [D indeed,] shall have half
the fruit of the worship.

2nd Maid. [Friend,] though unsaid, this is [quite] right;
for, one only is our life, two-cleft our body. (*Leaning
on her friend, standing, takes the mango-sprout*).
Lo! though not yet awake, the mango-offshoot
[D here] gets fragrant at the breaking of the stalk.
(*This said, folding the hands in the form of a pigeon*).

(3) Thou art, with my hand, O Mango-sprout,
Offer'd unto Kama, him that is bow-handed;
Thy mark the girls of those from home gone out,
Be thou a shaft, of five most splendid!

(*This said, throws the mango-sprout*).

(*Entering [with a toss of the curtain], in anger*)

Chamberlain. Not like that, self-forgetting woman! His
Majesty having forbidden the spring festival, [D why]
are you in act to break the mango-bloom?

Both the Maids (*afraid*). Please, [please,] sir ; 'twas not made known to us.

Cham. [Hem !] was it not, really, heard by you, that even by vernal trees his Majesty's orders are observed, as also by their sheltered [*D* feathery] creatures ? And so—

(4) The bloom of mango-trees, tho' come out after long,

its own pollen doth not tie ;

That which is grown full round, the amaranth,
doth keep

in the state of bud anon ;

In throats of cuckoos male, tho' gone the season
cold,

falteringly slips their cry ;

I dread that even Kama, startled, leaves his^f shaft,
half from out his quiver drawn !

Both. There's no misgiving it. Great [, indeed,] is the prowess of the royal sage.

1st Maid. 'Tis now some days since we were sent by Mittavasu the King's brother-in-law to the feet of her Majesty, and were here given the work of tending the pleasure-garden. So, [*D* as we're new-comers,] we didn't hear before of this affair.

Cham. Good : never again should you do this.

Both. [*D* Sir,] we've a mind to know something. If such persons may hear, please say for what reason his Majesty forbade the spring festival.

Sanu. Fopd of festivals [*D*, indeed,] are men. A grave cause [here] there must be.

Cham. [*to himself.*] As it has got public, why not say this? [*Aloud.*] [*D* What!] ladies, to your ears did [not] come the gossip about Sakuntala being rejected?

Both. [Sir,] we've heard from the mouth of the King's brother-in-law as far as the finding of the ring.

Cham. And so, [very] little remains to be said. Even when, indeed, on seeing his own ring, it was remembered by his Majesty that in sooth he had previously married the lady in secret, and had rejected Sakuntala through forgetfulness,—even thenceforward a remorse has come upon his Majesty. And so,

(5) What pleases him he hates ; as erst, his ministers
do not daily on him call ;
Turning about his couch's side, he oft doth pass
livelong nights, awake from sleep ;
When, out of courtesy, he gives the wonted word
to his palace-ladies all,
Then, making slips in surnames, long he doth
remain,
all for shame, confounded deep.

Sanu. Sweet news to me [, sweet news].

Cham. Owing to this powerful mind-sickness, the festival has been forbidden.

Both the Maids. That's right [, that's right].
(*In the tiring-room*).

Come, come, your Highness.

Cham. (*leaning his ear*). Hark! even hither tends his Majesty. [So go,] please do your duties.

[D Both. Right !] (*This said, both go out*).

(*Then enters, in a dress befitting remorse, the King, with the jester and the portress*).

Cham. (*looking at the King*). Oh! pleasing in all states are noble forms! Though thus troubled, sweet is the look of his Majesty. And so,

- (6) Discarding special manners of embellishment,
 putting on his left forearm
 A single armlet wrought in gold, his under-lip
 losing at a breath its glow,
 His eyes of lustre shorn thro' anxious wakefulness,
 yet, thro' native fiery charm,
 Like precious jewel in the act of polish ground,
 howso' thinn'd, he looks not so.

Sanu. (*seeing the King*). Rightly, indeed, though dishonoured by rejection, on his account does Saundala pine.

King (*walking round, musing and slowly*).

- (7) Tho' first by her with hart's eyes,
 My darling, made to re-awake, yet sleeping
vacant,
 'Tis thro' after-woe to dart sighs
 This blighted heart of mine is now awaken'd.

Sanu. [D O,] such is my poor girl's lot !

Jest. (*aside to the audience*). There's an attack come on him, yet again, of the Saundala-fever. I don't know how he's to be doctored.

Cham. (*going up*). Victory to your Majesty! [D Most mighty King,] I have looked into the pleasure-garden

grounds. Just as it pleases you, have recourse to means of relief, most mighty King.

King. Vetravati, in my name tell the prime minister, [D my lord] Pisuna, that for long wakefulness we did not think to-day of taking the seat of justice, and that any common plea which has been looked into by his lordship should be put on paper and submitted.

Portress. As your Majesty commands. (*This said, goes out*).

King. Vatayana, you, too, fulfil your own task.

Cham. As is the command of your Majesty. (*This said, goes out*).

Jest. Your Highness has rid the spot of flies. Now, pleasing as 'tis for the lessening of [D heat and] cold, in this part of the pleasure-garden you'll please yourself.

King [*sighing*]. Companion, "through chinks in rush all ills"; this, which is said, is [D an] unexceptionable [D saying]. Why,

(8) What shut away from my mind the acquaintance
light
 Made with the child of the sage,—as that
gloom is past,
 Promptly the Mind-born, O friend, in his wish to
smite,
 Blossoms of Mango, his shaft, on his bow
hath cast.

[(8a) Made to remember the past by the finger-ring,
 Having rejected for nothing my dearest dear,

All for repentance I weep with a hankering ;
 While the outburst of the odorous month is
 near.]

Jest. [Ho companion !] stay now ; with this wooden staff
 I'll destroy proud Kama's arrow. (*This said, raises
 his wooden staff and wishes to fell the mango-sprout.*)

King (*with a smile*). That will do ; I have seen your
 priestly prowess. Friend, where [now] shall I sit down,
 and, with them that somewhat imitate my darling, the
 creepers, lure my sight ?

Jest. O, your side-waitress [and copyist] [*D Chaduria*] had
 your Highness' orders, that in the spring-creeper canopy
 you'd spend this hour, and that there she should bring
 your picture-board, on which you sketched with your
 own hand my lady Saundala's likeness.

King. Such is the [very] means of relieving my heart ;
 so direct me thither.

Jest. This way, this way, [come,] your Highness.

Both (*walk round*).

Sann. (*goes after them*).

[SCENE 2.—The Spring-creeper Canopy.]

Jest. Here, fitted with a jewelled marble-seat, the spring-
 creeper canopy, pleasing as 'tis with a bounty of flowers,
 [*D doubtless*] as with a [soundless] welcome, waits for
 us. So please enter and sit down, your Highness.

Both (*enter and sit down*).

Sanu. Leaning on a creeper, I'll see now my [dear] friend's likeness. Then, of her husband's all-round affection, I'll inform her. (*This said, does so and stands*).

King. Friend, all that now I remember, that previous affair of Sakuntala. I had spoken to you, [*D too,*] sir. So spoken to as you had been, you, sir, at the hour of rejection, were not present near me. Even previously, never did you utter my lady's name. Was it that, like me, you forgot it?

[**Sanu.** 'Tis for this that Lords of the earth shouldn't even for a moment part with fellow-feeling assistants.]

Jest. [Ho!] I don't forget. But having said all, at the end, again, you [yourself] told me that 'twas in jest you spoke this, not in earnest. I, too, clod-witted as I was, took it like that. Or perhaps, futurity [here] prevails.

Sanu. So 'tis.

King (*musings for a moment*). Friend, save me.

Jest. Ho [companion]! what's this? Unbecoming this is, indeed, of you. Never are good men overwhelmed with grief. O, even when the wind is high, [quite] unshaken are the hills.

King. Companion, repudiated and disconsolate as she was, my darling's state coming to my mind, I feel mightily helpless. For, she—

(9) After rejection hence,
all intent to follow her own friends at last,

Oft told aloud to stay
even by her father's pupil father-like,
A second look behind, '
thro' the forward gush of tears bedimm'd, she
cast
On me, on cruel me ;—
ah, that look like poison'd lance my soul doth
strike.

Sanu. Dear me! such is one's regard for one's own interest that in his fever I take pleasure.

[**King.** Companion, do you guess how my Queen may have been stolen away?]

Jest. Ho! I've made a guess, that by some sky-rover that lady was carried away.

King. [Companion,] who else may dare to handle her whose husband is her god? Menaka, they say, is your friend's mother; so I heard [from her friends]. By her fellow-rovers [or by her] she was stolen away, so my heart dreads.

Sanu. His delusion, indeed, is to be wondered at, [but]
not his recovery of sense.

Jest. [Ho !] if 'tis so, [do be reassured, your Highness ;]
there will, indeed, be a union in course of time with
that lady.

King. How so?

Jest. [Ho!] never, indeed, are father and mother able [for a long time] to see a daughter pained by separation from her husband.

King. Companion,

(10) Was it a dream ? a phantom ? mental error ?

Or else, was that much fruit of merit faded ?

Not to return 'tis gone ;—these wishes for her

Are, surely, river-banks that fell imbedded !

Jest. [Ho ! say] not like that. O, the ring itself is [here]
an instance. Sure to be, unthinkable, reunion is.

King (*looking at the ring*). [Lo !] that this [ring] slipt
away from such a place hard to get, is regrettable.

(11) Surely, all thy goodly work, O ring unduteous,
Is all too thin, like mine, as by the fruit appearing ;

• Since, from out her fingers rosy-nail'd and
beauteous,

Thou art ejected, having won a place endearing !

Sanu. If it had gone to someone else's hand, [then] in
[D very] sooth 'twould have been regrettable. [Friend !
far away you are ; I, all alone, am enjoying things sweet
to the ear !]

Jest. Ho ! this signet-ring—under what pretext did you
put it on that lady's hand ?

Sanu. Even my own curiosity has inspired him.

King. [Companion,] please listen. When I left [the
penance-wood] for my own town, my darling, in tears,
said [this] : “ How long will it be ere my goodman
sends me news ? ”

Jest. What, what next ?

King. Afterwards, this ring was put on her finger by me,
replying—

[**Jest.** What was it ?

King.] (12) "One after one, upon this ring engraven, day
by day,

Count thou my name's full syllables, till thou
dost reach the end ;

Meanwhile, my dear, to show thee to my queenly
bowers the way,

Some person for a guide unto thy presence I
will send."

And that thing, dire-souled as I was, through forget-
fulness I did not do.

Sanu. Pleasing, indeed, was the arrangement, which Fate
withstood.

Jest. [Now,] how did it [, like a hook,] get inside [the
mouth of] the carp [*D* caught by the fisherman] ?

King. While worshipping [the water of] the Shrine of
Sachi, from your friend [*D*'s hand] it slipt away [*D*
into Ganga's stream].

Jest. Quite right.

Sanu. 'Twas for this that, as to poor Saundala sin-fearing
as he was, this royal sage had a doubt in his marriage.
Or perhaps, such an affection is [not] in need of a keep-
sake ; [so] how's this ?

King. [Good ;] I will now rebuke this ring.

Jest. [*D* (to himself). He's taken to the ways of the stark-
mad.] [(*With a smile*). I, too, now, will rebuke this
wooden staff : "Why, I being straight, art thou crook-
ed ?"]

King (*acting as if he did not listen*).

(13) O how that hand, with tiny tender fingers dight,
 Didst thou forsake, into the inmost wave to
 fall?

Or perhaps,

A senseless thing may unto merit shut its sight,
But how did I my darling treat with words of
gall?

[**Sanu.** He himself has made clear what I'm wishing to say.]

Jest. [*to himself*]. What ! is hunger to prey upon me ?

King [(*not minding him*). My darling!] having forsaken thee without a cause, burning with after-woe as my heart is, now favour me again with a sight of thee.
(*Entering [with a toss of the curtain], picture-board in hand*)

Chaturika. [My lord !] here, on the picture, is my lady.
(*This said, shows the picture-board*).

[**King** (*looking*). Oh! the beauty, even on a picture, of my darling. And so,

(13a) Far as her long eye-corners spread, her pair of eyes ;
 bent in sport, her creeper-brow ;
 Right thro' her teeth diffused, the radiance of her laugh
 pour'd on lip like lunar beam ;
 Like sheen of jujube brown, her upper lip ; all bright
 here her face appeareth now ;—

It speaketh even on the picture, playful grace
bursting thro' its liquid gleam.]

Jest. [*looking.*] [*D* Well done, companion ! worth seeing for the sweet attitude is the feeling you've introduced.] [*Ho ! the feeling is sweet in the sketch.*] Seems as if my sight fails at the lower and the higher parts. [*To be brief, as I fancy you've introduced life into it, it rouses in me a curiosity to converse.*]

Sanu. Oh, [*D* such is] the royal sage's skill [*in sketching with brushes*] ! I fancy my [*dear*] friend is standing before me.

King. [*Companion,*]

(14) Whatso' on picture looks not nice,
All that is render'd different ;—
Nathless, her loveliness of guise
Is somewhat with the outline blent.

[*And so,*

(14a) Her bust appeareth here full lofty as it were ;
and her middle seemeth low ;
Uneven-steep are seen the lines upon her frame,
tho' full plain the background be ;
And on her limbs, by action of the oil for long,
here this tenderness doth show ;
In love, she seems to look a little to my face ;
smiling, seems to speak to me.]

Sanu. Like is this to his remorse-heightened love and his pridelessness.

Jest. [*D* Ho! now] three ladies are seen, and all are worth seeing; which one [*D* here] is my lady Saundala?

Samu. Unaware, indeed, of such a beauty, blest in vain with sight is this person.

King. You now, which one do you guess?

Jest. [*surveying.*] I guess this one who, [resting on a watered glossy-tendrilled asoa-creeper,] with the slackened hair-band casting up a blossom down the end of her hair, with burst-out drops of sweat on her face, with rather low-flung [*creeper.*] arms [ungirdling her waist-cloth], [*D* by the water-glistening young-tendrilled mango-tree's side,] is painted as 'twere slightly fatigued,—this one is [my lady] Saundala: the other two are her friends.

King. Clever, sir, you are. There is here a trace of my feeling.

(15) A sweating finger's deep-laid dint

On the edges of the sketch is seen all dark;

And a tear, that down the cheek did glint,

Here is seen thro' swollen colours' mark.

Chaturika, half-sketched is this means of relief [by us].

[*So*] go, bring me now the brush.

Chatu. Sir Madhavva, hold the picture-board till I [get the brush-box and] return.

King. I myself will hold it. (*This said, does as he said*).
(*The maid goes out*).

King. [*D Companion,*] there is, besides, Sakuntala's decoration, intended to be [sketched] here [, but forgotten] by me.

Jest. What's that?

Sanu. Something that will be like her wood-abode and her tender beauty.

King. (18) I have not done, its stalk upon her ear, my
friend,
The gum-tree bloom, with threads that on
her cheek did rest;
Nor, tender as the beams that Autumn's
moon doth send,
The lotus-fibres, set upon her immost
breast.

Jest. [*D Ho!*] why [, indeed,] does my lady, with her fore-palm shining like a ruddy lotus [*D-tendril*], covering her face, stand as 'twere startled-startled? ([*D Marking with heed,*] *seeing*). Ah! this whoreson thief of blossom-mead is flying at my lady's [lotus-] face, this [naughty] honey-making drone!

King. O, do warn off this naughty creature!

Jest. You [*D, Sire,*] yourself, overruling the ill-bred, will be able [*D to warn him off*].

King. Quite right. O thou!—ho dear guest of the blossoming creeper!—why [from] here dost thou feel the trouble of falling down?

(19) Here, on a blossom seated low,
Tho' athirst, yet, sir, her whole devotion on
thee placed,

The honey-making bee is waiting, O ;

Never her mead without thy presence doth
she taste.

Sanu. [*D* Now for once,] courteously, indeed, is he
warned off.

Jest. Though forbidden, perverse [, indeed,] is this race.

King. [*D* Thus,] ho ! thou dost not keep within my rule.
Please listen, therefore, now.

(20) All luring as the tendril of an infant tree un-
pain'd,

Drunk with a kindly heart by me 'mid festive
pleasures deep,

If thou dost touch, O drone, my darling's lip
like coccule grain'd,

Thee in a lotus' belly close-imprison'd will I
keep.

Jest. [Ho !] of such a sharp punishment [from you]—
what ! won't he be afraid ? (*Jesting, to himself*). He
now is mad ; I, too, by keeping him company have got
his complexion.

[**King.** Even after warning—what ! he still keeps on.

Sanu. Oh ! even a firm man through sentiment gets
changed.

Jest.] (*aloud*). Ho ! a picture, indeed, this is !

King. What ! a picture ?

Sanu. Even I [only] just now came to know the fact ;
not to speak of him who feels exactly as he has
painted.

King. [*D Companion,*] why did you do this forward act ?

(21) While I did feel the bliss of interview

As before mine eyes, my heart wrapt in her
solely,

You, calling up the fact, anew

•Changed my love into a picture wholly !

(*This said, sheds tears*).

Sanu. [Ah me !] pairing ill what goes before and what comes after, matchless are these ways of separation.

King. Companion, why do I [*D thus*] feel unceasing pain ?

(22) For wakefulness is hopeless quite

Union in vision with my dear ;

And tears, again, let not my sight

Feed even on her picture here.

Sanu. In ev'ry way [, companion,] you've wiped away the pain of rejection caused to [my dear friend] Saundala [in the very presence of her friend].

(*Entering*)

Chatu. Victory, victory to my lord. Taking the brush-box, this way I was coming—

King. And what ?

Chatu. That thing, [*D from my hand while on my way,*] Taralia seconding her, Her Highness Vasumadi, saying “ I myself will bring it up to my goodman,” snatched away by force.

Jest. [*D I'm glad*] you were [somehow] let off.

Chatu. While her Highness was caught in a [creeper-] bough by the upper mantle, and Taralia was freeing her, by that time I got myself off.

[(*In the tiring-room*).]

Come, come, my lady.

Jest. (*leaning his ear*). Ho! running up, here the tigress of the inner chamber is come to devour Chaduria like a hind.]

King. Companion, up comes her Majesty and proud in her self-esteem. [So,] you, sir, keep this likeness.

Jest. Keep yourself [also]; [why not] say that [?] (*Taking the picture-board, and rising*). If your Highness is freed from the inner chambers' dark dose, then call me in the Cloud-Image Palace. [And this I'll hide there where, except a pigeon, no one else may see it.] (*This said, goes out on quick foot*).

Sann. Though his heart is gone over to another, he maintains his previous respects. Loosened is his bosom-friendship now.

(*Entering, paper in hand*)

Portress. Victory, victory to your Majesty.

King. Vetravati, did you not, indeed, on your way, see Her Majesty [Vasumati] ?

Portress. [Your Majesty,] I did. Seeing me with paper in hand, she turned back.

King. Knowing business, she [my Queen] abstains from disturbing business.

Portress. Your Majesty, the prime minister submits that, there being in the treasury a good deal of [D calcula-

tion] work, only one common plea has been looked into, and that your Majesty be pleased to notice it as put on paper.

King. This way, show me the paper.

Portress (*presents it*).

King (*speaking out the purport*). What! the sea-trading head of a merchant-guild, Dhanamitra by name, died in a shipwreck. And childless, they say, was the poor man. To the King should go all his hoard of money, so the prime minister writes. [*With sadness.*] What a pain, indeed, is childlessness! Vetravati, having had much wealth, many-wived that [*D gentle*] man must have been. Let enquiry be made as to whether anyone is with child among his widows.

Portress. [*D Your Majesty,*] just now an Ayodhyan guild-merchant's daughter, who's performed her "male-child libation," is heard to have been his wife.

King. O, the unborn child is entitled to its paternal assets. Go, say so to the prime minister.

Portress. As your Majesty commands. (*This said, is going away*).

King. Come now.

Portress [*turning back*]. I'm here.

King. [*Or perhaps,*] what matters whether there be issue or not?

(23) Of whatsoever tender kin

Bereaved, our subject folk may moan,

All that to them, excepting sin,

Dushyanta is,—so make it known.

Portress. So, surely, 'twill be made known. (*Going out, entering again*). Like a timely shower of rain was hailed your Majesty's proclamation [by the great crowd].

King (*heaving a long [D and hot] sigh*). Thus, oh ! rendered propless by the break of issue, [*D families,*] on the demise of the male head, [*D see their*] estates go to others ! On my decease, too, the fortune of the Puru race will have [*D quite*] a like story.

Portress. Heaven avert the ill !

King. Fie on me, who scorned a blessing arrived !

Sanu. Doubtless, having my [*dear*] friend alone in his heart he blamed himself.

King. (24) My soul implanted in her, I've forsaken

My lawful wife, my race's glory truly,

Ready with mighty harvest to awaken,

Like Earth wealth-bearing, sown with seed

right duly.

Sanu. Unbroken, now, your issue will be.

Chatu. (*aside to the portress*). Lo ! this affair of the head of a merchant-guild has redoubled the anxiety of my lord. To reassure him, from Cloud-Image get [the soother of his fever] Sir Madhavva, and come.

Portress. Right well you say. (*This said, goes out*).

King. Oh ! Dushyanta's oblation-eaters are getting alarmed. [*D Why,*]

(25) " When he is gone, alas, preparing after holy lore
 Oblations, who of all our race will give them ?"
 so they think ;

Full surely, void of offspring as I am, of what I
pour,
The water left off after washing tears my
fathers drink.

[**Sanu.** Ah fie! ah fie! there being indeed a lamp, through the fault of the screen, he's groping in the dark, the royal sage.

Chatu. My lord, don't grieve; while still young, my Master, by giving birth to sons by other Queens, will clear off the debt to his forefathers. (*To herself*). He doesn't believe my word. Or perhaps, only the fit medicine stops the ailment.

King (*in act of agitated grief*).

(25a) With stock from holy root derived,

This race of Purus, with me, childless ever,
Is gone, as with the land deprived
Of folk, Sarasvati's great river.]

(This said, falls into a swoon).

Chatu. (*distractedly, supporting him*). Be reassured, [be reassured,] my lord.

Sanu. [*D* Ah fie! ah fie! there being indeed a lamp, through the fault of the screen, he's groping in the dark.] [What!] I'll even now make him happy. But no, for I've heard, when Saundala was being reassured, from the mouth of great Inda's mother, that, in eagerness for shares in sacrifices, the gods themselves will so devise that ere long the lawful wife will have her husband's welcome. So, 'tis [not] right [for me] to wait [*D* at this time]. I'll now, with an account of this

affair, reassure my dear friend [Saundala]. (*This said, goes out with an upward jump*).

(*In the tiring-room*).

[Ho!] a Brahman in danger! [a Brahman in danger!]

King (*coming to [his senses], leaning his ear*): Hark! it is like Mathavya's tone of distress.

[**Chatu**. May it not surely be Madhavva, poor man, whom Taralia and other servant-maids have caught, while carrying the picture-board in his hand?

King. Chaturika, go; in my name, rebuke her Majesty for not having forbidden her attendants.

Chatu. As your Majesty commands. (*This said, goes out*).
(*In the tiring-room*).

Ho! a Brahman in danger! a Brahman in danger!

King. Truly, fear has broken the tone of the Brahman.]
Who, who is there, ho?

[*D (Entering distractedly)*]

Portress. Rescue, your Majesty, your friend in a doubtful state.

King. Who has taken his pride off the manikin?

Portress. With form unseen, some being or other has possessed him, and got him on to the roof of the Cloud-Image Palace.]

[*(Entering)*]

Cham. Please command, your Majesty.

King. Ascertain why in this way Mathavya the Brahman
is crying.

Cham. I will look. (*This said, goes out and distract-
edly enters.*).

King. Son of Parvatayana, nothing serious has happened?

Cham. Not so.

King. Then whence is this trembling? And so,

(25b) At first thro' age thy trembling came;

Now getting stronger by and by,

It shows its force thro' all thy frame,

As doth the wind thro' fig-tree high.

Cham. Rescue your bosom-friend, most mighty King.

King. From what is he to be rescued?

Cham. From great suffering.

King. Listen! please unfold your meaning and say.

Cham. That observatory-palace, Cloud-Image by
name—

King. What there?

Cham. (25c) From out its top, where home-born peacocks
hover

All o'er the crest with peaceful ges-
tures varied,

Your friend by one whose form is in a
cover,

Some being, has been treated ill and
carried.]

King (*rising up [suddenly]*). [Ah!] [*D* not so!] Even my house is infested by "beings"! Or perhaps, [much is the sin of being the lord of men;]

(26) What, day by day, mine own, own self am doing,
Unheeded slips, to know I am not able;
Which of my subjects by what way is going,
I have no power completely to unravel.

(*In the tiring-room*).

Ho [*D* companion]! help! help!

King ([*listening* ;] *walking round with a break of gait*).
Friend, fear not [, fear not].

(*In the tiring-room*).

[*D Again reciting the same.*] [Ho!] why shan't I
fear? Here, some one, bending me back by the
neck, is breaking me into three, like a sugar-cane!

[SCENE 3.—The Entrance to the Cloud-Image Palace.]

King (*casting his sight*). My bow, [my bow,] now!

(*Entering, [D horn-] bow in hand*)

A Greek Woman. My lord, here's your bow with [shafts
and] gauntlets.

King (*takes bow and shafts*).

(*In the tiring-room*).

(27) Here do I,
with thy throat's fresh blood my fury slaking,

Like tiger

killing beast, while thou art struggling, kill
thee :

The wretched

from their fear to free, his bow up-taking,

Dushyanta

from thy peril at this moment shield thee !

King (*wrathfully*). What ! my own self he challenges !
[Ah, stay !] stay, [foul] flesh-eater ! [here,] thou wilt
now cease to be. (*Stringing his horn-[bow]*). Vetravati,
direct the way to the staircase.

Portress. This way, this way, your Majesty.

All (*come up hurriedly*).

[SCENE 4.—The Roof of the Cloud-Image Palace.]

King (*looking all round*). Lo ! vacant, indeed, this is !
(*In the tiring-room*).

Help ! help ! I see your Highness, you don't see me.
Like a cat-caught mouse, I've got hopeless of life.

King. Ho ! proud of thy self-hiding art ! [what now ! even]
my weapon will [not] see thee ! [Be still, and do not
thou, through contact with my companion, feel secure.]
Here, that missile of mine I fix,

(28) Which soon will kill thee to be kill'd,
And save the twice-born to be saved ;
The swan doth take the milk distill'd,
But leaves the water, never craved.
(*This said, aims his weapon*).

(*Then enters [D, leaving hold on the jester,] Matali
[with the jester]*).

(29) Thy mark for shafts, by Indra demons have been
 made;
 This bow, the seat of shafts, upon their bodies
 bend;
 Eyes, soften'd by affection, on their friends are laid
 By goodly men, but never piercing shafts they
 send.

[D Entering]

Mata. (*with a smile*). My long-lived King, please listen for what purpose I have been sent by Indra to your [D Highness'] presence.

Mata. There is the offspring of Kalanemi, "the Hard-Conquered" by name, a race of giants.

Mata. (30) Unfoil'd they,
 of thy friend "of hundred sacrifices";
Their killer
 in the fray thou art commemorated;
To kill what
 not the seven-shafted sun suffices,
That nightly
 darkness, by the moon is dissipated.

So commemorated, your Highness, equipped with weapon as you are now, will please mount Indra's chariot and march for victory.

King. Favoured am I by this honoured request of Indra. Now, on Mathavya, why did you exert yourself like that?

Mata. That, too, I am telling you. From some cause or other, with a mind-fever, your long-lived Highness was afflicted, I found. Afterwards, to anger your long-lived Highness, I did like that. Why,

(31) The fuel stirr'd, the fire up-blazes;

The snake, when irritated, doth expand its hood;

His might, in many cases,

A man attains, when in excited mood.

King [*D aside to Mathavya*]. Companion, I cannot pass over the divine King's orders. So here, make known this fact, and in my name tell the prime minister Pisuna:

(32) "Let now thy policy alone

My subject people guard and guide;

This bow of mine, with string thereon,

Is in another task employ'd."

Jest. As your Highness commands. (*This said, goes out*).

Mata. Your long-lived Highness will please mount the chariot.

King (*acts mounting the chariot*).

(*This done, all go out*).

(*So ends the Sixth Act*

[*named*

"*The Severing from Sakuntala*"]).

[*Interval.—About twenty-four hours.*]

ACT VII.

[PLACE—The Way from Heaven to the Hermitage^r of Kasyapa on Mount Hemakuta.

TIME—Afternoon, in Early Spring.

ACTION—The Final Reunion of Husband, Wife and Child.]

[SCENE 1.—The Firmament of Heaven.]

(Then enters, passing through the sky, mounted on a chariot, the King, with Matali).

King. Matali, though I performed the orders of Indra, yet such was his noted reception, that I consider myself unworthy of it.

Mata. [*D with a smile.*] My long-lived King, both of you I find dissatisfied. [Why,]

(1) Of the service at first to Indra done,
For the great mark of distinction, light you
deem;
And to him, for amaze at prowess shown
By your arm, all his receptions worthless
seem.

King. Nay, [*D Matali,*] not so. That was, indeed, [too far] beyond [*D the range of*] my thought, his reception at the time of giving me leave. For, while, before the eyes of dwellers in heaven, I was seated on half his seat,

(2) With inward longing stood beside our presence
Jayanta ; looking up to him and smiling,

From breast light-rubb'd with yellow sandal's
pleasance,
 His coral wreath put Indra on me, piling.

Mata. What [*D*, to be sure,] does not your long-lived
 Highness deserve from the Lord of the Immortals?
 See—

(3) Both have uprooted, for Indra on bliss intent,
 Giants from heaven, her thorn and her
trouble's cause,—
 Now, at this moment, your shafts with their joints
half-bent,
 And, in the days of the past, the Man-Lion's
claws.

King. Herein, indeed, [*D* it] is the might of him of a
 hundred sacrifices [*D* which is to be praised].

(4) That those employ'd succeed in undertakings,
howso' great,
 Know 'tis all owing to their masters' condes-
cending grace;
 How else could rosy Morn the shades of darkness
dissipate,
 Unless the thousand-arrow'd Sun had fixt in
front his place?

Mata. [*D* Quite] like you is this. (*Going* [*D* down] a
little distance).

[SCENE 2.—The Back of Paradise.]

Mata. My long-lived King! this way, see, established on the back of paradise, the grandeur of your own fame.

(5) With what's from paints of godly beauties over
Of colours, there, on clothes from wish-trees
flowing,

A-thinking some song-worthy verses over,
The heaven-dwellers write your deeds all
glowing.

[SCENE 3.—The Path of the Wind “Blowround.”]

King. Matali, eager as I was to strike down demons, yesterday, while mounting up [*D* to heaven], I did not notice the ways [*D* of the skies]. In which path of the winds are we keeping?

Mata. (6) That which doth bear the three-stream'd river
stablish'd in the sky;
That which doth turn the shining orbs, di-
viding out their rays;
Of that same wind, where Vishnu's second stride
put darkness by,
Of that same wind, Blowround, all these are
said to be the ways.

King. [*D* Matali,] it is for this, indeed, that, with all my senses external and internal, my inner soul is sated.

[SCENE 4.—The Path of the Clouds.]

King (*looking at the chariot-wheels*). [I dread] we have
got down to the path of the clouds.

Mata. [My long-lived King,] how do you know?

King. (7) Here, with sky-larks thro' the spaces
between the spokes forth-flying,
With the bays all cover'd over
with glow of streaks brief-twinkled,
This our flight o'er clouds with water
inside their bellies lying
Is betoken'd by your chariot,
its fellies dew-besprinkled.

Mata. [Yes; and besides,] in a [little] while, your long-lived Highness will be in your own sphere of office.

[SCENE 5.—The Atmosphere near the Earth.]

King (*looking down*). [Matali,] through our speedy descent,
wonderful to the sight appears the world of men.
And so,

(8) The earth, it seems, is climbing down from tops of hills
swimming upward to the sight;
The state of lying in the midst of leaves, is left,
with the rise of trunks, by trees;
Expanding, tho' their waves were lost in narrowness,
rivers slowly come to light;
By someone tost-up as it were, behold, the world
to my side is brought with ease.

Mata. [My long-lived King,] well observed! (*Looking with admiration*). Oh! grand and pleasing is the earth.

[SCENE 6.—Mount "Goldpeak".]

King. Matali, which one is this, entering the eastern and the western seas, emitting liquid gold, like an evening cloud [*D-wall*], this mountain which we are looking upon ?

Mata. My long-lived King, this is, indeed, Goldpeak by name, the hill of centaurs, the [supreme] field of the success of penance. See—

(9) Marichi from the Self-born came ;

From him did spring the Lord of Life ;

Tutor of gods and fiends, the same

Here works his penance with his wife.

King [*respectfully*]. And so, I cannot pass over his blessings. Having gone round his almighty Holiness thrice with my right towards him, I wish to go.

Mata. [My long-lived King,] a capital idea !

(*By way of acting, they get down*).

[**Mata.** Here, we have got down.]

King (*with astonishment*). [Matali,]

(10) No sound doth come from fellies of the chariot-

wheels ;

Nor is there dust beheld up-rising all around ;

Stopt by you, since the touch of earth it never

feels,

Altho' come down, your chariot is no longer

found.

Mata. Just this much is the difference between [the chariots of] him of a hundred sacrifices and your long-lived Highness.

King. [*D Matali,*] in which part is the hermitage of
Marichi-son ?

Mata. (*showing it with the hand*). [See—]

(11) There where, with frame in ant-hills buried half,
with breast
pressing on a serpent's cast,
His neck with worn-out creepers' ring of tendrils
long
in the last degree opprest,
Bearing a mass of matted hair, o'er shoulders
spread,
fill'd with bird's-nests thick and fast,
All motionless like tree truncated, yonder sage,
facing sunbeams, takes his rest.

King [*looking*]. I bow to thee, worker of austere penance.

[SCENE 7.—The Hermitage of Kasyapa, Marichi-son.]

Mata. (*drawing in the reins of the chariot*). [*D Most mighty King,*] here, with coral-trees grown by Aditi, [the seat of] the hermitage of the Lord of Life we have entered.

King. [Oh! this is] greater than Heaven, a place of content! A lake of ambrosia, as it were, I have entered.

Mata. (*stopping the chariot*). Get down, my long-lived King.

King ([*by way of acting*] *getting down*). [D Matali,] you, sir, what will you do now?

ACT VII.

Mata. [*D* My long-lived King, I go.] (*This said, goes out*).

King (*noticing an omen*).

(13) To get my wish I hope no more ;

Why dost thou throb, mine arm, in vain ?

A blessing that was scorn'd before

All surely turneth into pain.

(*In the tiring-room*).

Pray don't [, pray don't] be rash. What ! you've gone back straight to your own nature ?

King (*leaning his ear*). This is not a place for an ill-bred act. O who, indeed, is here being forbidden ? (*Looking in the direction of the sound, with astonishment*).

Lo ! [*D* who, indeed, is it ?—] here closely attended by two hermitesses, a boy with unboyish strength,

(14) Who pulls, its mother's teats half-drawn,

Its manes, for tugging, all in pain,

A lion's whelp, and pulls it on,

To play with him, by night and main.

(*Then enters, [D behaving] as described, with two hermitesses, a boy*).

Boy. Gape, [O you cub of a] lion [, gape]; I'll count your teeth.

1st Hermitess. Naughty boy, why d'you tease the beasts we cherish not unlike children ? [*D* O dear !] it grows [in strength as 'twere], your mischievousness ! Fitly, indeed, the sages have named you Savvadamana.

King. O why, indeed, towards this boy, as towards a begotten child, is there a tenderness in my mind ? [(*Reflecting*). Ah !] surely, my childlessness makes me affectionate.

2nd Hermitess. Here, [*D indeed,*] the lioness will attack you, if you don't let go her little cub..

Boy (*with a smile*). Dear me ! mightily, indeed, I'm afraid !
(*This said, shows his under-lip*).

King. (15) Sprung of a seed of mighty glow
This boy appears unto my view,
As fire, in state of spark all low,
Keeps waiting for its fuel new.

1st Hermitess. My son, let go this infant king of beasts ;
another plaything I'll give you.

Boy. Where [*is it*] ? give it [*me*]. (*This said, stretches his hand*).

King [*looking at the hand*]. What ! the mark of a King
of Kings even he bears ! And so,

(16) His hand, out-stretcht in love to grasp the luring
gift,

Doth shine with fingers woven in a web-like
whole,
As, all unseen the petals' interspaces, cleft
By ruddy-kindled Dawn new-come, a lotus
sole !

2nd Hermitess. Suvvada, we can't stop him with words
only. Go you ; in my cottage there lies, belonging to
Mrikandu-son the sage's boy, a vary-coloured earthen
peacock ; bring that up for him.

1st Hermitess. Right. (*This said, goes out*).

Boy. With him I'll play till then. (*This said, looking at the hermitess, laughs*).

King. I long, indeed, for this ill-mannered child. [*Sighing*.]

(17) Their budding teeth half jutting out for laughing
with no cause.

Their primrose speech all pleasing for the
sounds they utter ill,

Sons, loving to be placed on lap, are lifted up by those

- Thrice-blest, while they with dust from out
 • their limbs their fathers fill.

Hermitess [*chiding him with her finger*]. Well! me he doesn't mind. (*Looks about*). Who's here of sages' boys? (*Looking at the King*). Gentle sir, come now, loosen from his hardly-loosened clutch and brat-like [*D sport of*] torture this infant king of beasts.

King. [Right! (*This said,*) going up, with a smile).
O child! ho son of a great sage!

(18) Thus, with acts unfit for hermitage like this,
Why is self-control abused from birth by thee,
Which should yield to beasts a shelter all of
bliss.—

As by cobra's young is soil'd a sandal-tree ?

Hermitess. Gentle sir, he's not a sage's boy.

King. His very behaviour equal to his mien says as much.
But, the place making us believe, we thought so.
(*Doing as wanted, feeling the touch of the boy, to himself*).

(19) This one, of someone's race a sprout all tender,
Touch'd on my limbs, such bliss thro' me is
sent forth!

What rapture in his mind it must engender,
From out whose lucky loins this sapling went
forth ?

King (*to himself*). This remark, indeed, points just to me. If, now, I ask the name of this child's mother—
[*Reflecting.*] Or perhaps, it is ignoble to make enquiries about another's wife.

(*Entering, earthen peacock in hand*)

1st Hermitess. Savvadamana, see Saunda, lovesome hue!

Boy (*casting his eyes about*). Where's [she] my mammy?

Both the Hermitesses [*laugh out*].

1st Hermitess. Through likeness of names he's cheated, fond as he's of his mother.

2nd Hermitess. [*D* My son,] you were told to look how pleasing this [*D* earthen] peacock is.

King (*to himself*). What [*D* else]? Sakuntala, his mother's name! [*Or perhaps,*] common, again, are likenesses of names. Is it, surely, like a deer-drouth that the mention of just her name tends to my sadness?

Boy. Ma'am, I like this nice peacock. (*This said, takes the plaything*).

1st Hermitess (*looking, agitatedly*). Dear me! the amulet on his wrist isn't seen.

King. [*Madam,*] [*D* do not,] do not trouble. O, it slipt off while he was struggling with the lion's cub. (*This said, wishes to pick it up*).

Both the Hermitesses. Pray don't [, pray don't] [*D* hold it]. [*Looking.*] What! he's taken it up straight? (*[D* This said,] [*both*] in astonishment placing hand on breast, look at each other).

King. Wherefore did you [, ladies,] forbid us?

1st Hermitess. Listen, noble sir. [Of mighty virtue,] this is called the "Unconquerable", a [divine mighty] talisman which he had at the time of his birth-ceremony from almighty Marichi-son as gift. This, says he, excepting his father and mother and himself, anyone else, when it's fallen to the ground, mustn't take.

King. What if anyone takes it?

1st Hermitess. Then it becomes a serpent and bites him.

King. [Now,] ladies, have you ever [elsewhere] witnessed its change?

Both. More than once.

King (*joyfully* [*D, to himself*]). Why, fulfilled as it is, shall I not hail my wish? (*This said, embraces the boy*).

2nd Hermitess. Suvvada, come, let us [go and] impart this affair to penance-engaged Saundala. (*This said, they go out*).

Boy. Let me off, I'll go to my mammy.

King. My little son, as thou art with me, thou wilt hail thy mother.

Boy. My daddy, I say, is Dussanda, not you.

King (*with a smile*). This contradiction itself convinces me.

(*Then enters, wearing her hair in a single knot, Sakuntala*).

Sakun. (*thoughtfully*). "Even at the time of change, its proper form was kept by Savvadamana's talisman": so hearing, I had still no hopes in my own fortunes. Or perhaps, as Sanumadi told me, so 'tis possible. [*This said, walks round*.]

King (*looking at Sakuntala* [, *with joy' and dejection*]).

Lo ! this [*D* is that] lady Sakuntala, [*D* who here,]

(21) In a dusty apparel grey appearing,

With a face penance-impair'd, with hair one-
knotted,

So unkind as I was, yet chaste her bearing,

From myself parted so long, remains devoted.

Sakun. (*seeing the King colourless with remorse* [, *thoughtfully*]). He isn't, indeed, [*D* like] my goodman. Then who [, indeed,] is here now polluting my auspicious-amulet-protected child by contact with his body ?

Boy (*going up to his mother*). Mammy, here's some [strange] man, calls me his son and embraces me.

King. Darling, even my cruelty exercised on thee has come to have a favourable end, as I now find thee recognising me.

Sakun. (*to herself*). My heart, be reassured, be reassured. Its spite left off [after the stroke], I am pitied by Fate. My goodman, indeed, is here.

King. [*D* Darling,]

(22) Thro' my stupor's gloom remembrance breaks,
And thou, by luck, before my face dost stand,
fair-faced !

After eclipse the Moon awakes,

And the Fourth Mansion is in union placed.

Sakun. Victory, victory [*D* to my goodman]! (*This being half-uttered, her throat choked with tears, stops*).

King. O fair !

(23) Tho' tears withstood the happy word
Of "victory", victor have I been;
Since, all for want of polish blurr'd
Its liplets red, thy face I've seen.

Boy. Mammy, who's he?

Sakun. My son, ask your own fortunes.

King (*falling down [D at the feet of Sakuntala]*).

(24) Fair-framed! from out thy heart
let now the pain
of former rejection go;
Somehow, within my mind,
a stupor great
full strongly did then awake;
Those lost in mighty gloom
behave like this,
when fair is their fortune's flow;
The blind man ev'n a wreath,
thrown on his head,
doth shake off in dread of snake.

Sakun. Get up, [get up,] my goodman. Surely one of my merit-obstructing deeds of a former birth was in those days on the point of bearing fruit, so that, though compassionate, my goodman became unfeeling towards me.

King (*rises up*).

Sakun. Now, how did my goodman remember this pain-feeling person?

King. When I have plucked out the lance of grief, I will tell thee.

Who gat the threefold world's protector, lord of
 shares
 in the sacrifices proved,
 In whom the self-born Vishnu, tho' supreme of all,
 chose his birth to be renew'd,—
 These are that pair, of Daksha and Marichi sprung,
 from the Maker once removed.

Mata. Yes.

King (*going up*). To both [*D of you*] Indra's servant,
 Dushyanta, bows down.

Mari. My son, may you [*D live*] long [*D to*] rule the
 earth.

Adi. [*D My son,*] may your car be unchecked.

Sakun. Together with my child, the feet of you two I
 worship.

Mari. My daughter,

(28) Like Indra is thy husband great ;
 Jayanta-like thy son is free ;
 No other blessing suits thy state,—
 Thou like Puloma's daughter be.

Adi. My child, may you be your husband's beloved. [*D By
 all means,*] may [*this*] my long-lived little son be the
 delight of both parents' races. Sit down [*here*].

All (*sit down [D around the Lord of Life]*).

Mari. (*pointing to them one by one*).

(29) By luck, Sakuntala the chaste,
 This goodly child, your Highness there,
 Like Faith and Wealth and Work, are placed,
 All three, in combination fair.

King. Almighty sir, first came the success of my desires,
afterwards the sight of you ; hence matchless, indeed, is
your favour. Why,

(30) The blossom cometh first, and then the fruitage

new,

The cloud ariseth first, and then the water

pours ;

Of cause and its effect, this is the sequence true ;

But, ere thy favour came, my fortunes had

their course.

Mata. Thus do makers of fortunes show their favours.

King. Almighty sir, this servant-maid of yours I married
in the Gandharva form [*D* of marriage], and when,
after some time, her kinsfolk brought her to me,
through slip of memory I rejected her and offended his
Holiness your cognate Kanva. Afterwards, seeing my
ring, I came to know that I had previously married his
daughter. That appears as it were strange to me.

(31) As, whether “ ’tis no elephant”, perceiving

Its form when passing, one in doubt may falter,

But when its steps are seen, it is believing ;

Such was the state to which my mind did

alter.

Mari. My son, do not dread it to be thy own offence ; even
the great stupor in thee was [quite] just. Please listen.

King. I am all heed.

Mari. Just when, after descent into the Nymphs' Shrine,
carrying away Sakuntala visibly afflicted, Menaka came
to the daughter of Daksha,—just then by meditation I

knew [the affair, namely,] that it was through Durvasas' curse that this poor girl, thy fellow-worker of piety, was rejected by thee [, and not for any other cause]; and that [curse] ended with the finding of the ring.

King -(with a heaved breath [, to himself]). Here I am
freed from blame.

Sakun. (*to herself*). I'm glad 'twas not without cause that I was rejected by my goodman. I don't, indeed, remember myself to have been cursed. Or perhaps, [*D* when 'twas incurred by me, that curse [*D*, surely], absent-hearted [*D* for separation] as I was, wasn't known to me. Therefore, my friends [*with great care*] directed me that my husband's ring should be shown.

Mari. My daughter, fulfilled is thy object. So now, towards thy fellow-worker of piety thou shouldst not be wroth. See—

(32) Thro' curse thou wast repell'd when he was rude
for lapse of mind ;
Upon thy lord, his gloom now gone, thy mas-
tery remains ;
A shadow tells not on a mirror when its face
refined
Is clogg'd with dust, but, when 'tis clean, an
easy scope it gains.

King. As says your almighty Holiness.

Mari. My son, has he been welcomed by thee, he for whom we duly performed the birth-ceremony [and other rites], this son of Sakuntala?

(*Entering*)

A Pupil. Almighty sir, here I am.

Mari. Galava, at once go through the air, and in my name inform His Holiness Kanva of the sweet news that, together with her child, Sakuntala, her curse [from Durvasas] ceasing, has been received [D back] by recollecting Dushyanta.

Pupil. As is the command of your almighty Holiness.
(*This said, goes out*).

Mari. [*to the King*.] My son, thou, too, along with thy wife and child, mount thy friend Indra's chariot, and go to thy [own] capital.

King. As is the command of your almighty Holiness.

Mari. Moreover,

(34) To thy subject folk let Indra
 be bountiful of showers ;
Thou, too, spreading sacrifices,
 to please the gods endeavour ;
Many a round of hundred ages
 thus, thro' each other's powers,
May ye spend, esteem'd for showing
 to both the worlds your favour.

King. Almighty sir, to the best of my might I will strive to do good.

Mari. My son, what other boon can I grant thee ?

King. [Almighty sir,] even after this, there is a boon.
[D If here your Holiness wishes to work me a boon,]
then let this be—

[EPILOGUE.]

(Spoken by an actor).

(35) Let Earth's great lord
for the public welfare be alert ;
And let the muse
of the learned bards be praised aright ;
For me, again,
let the Blue-neck'd Red-hair'd God avert
A future birth,
born of self himself, with wide-spread might.
(This said, all go out).

(So ends the Seventh Act

[named

"The Reunion")].

*[And here is finished the work of the Prince of Poets,
Dan Kalidasa,—the Play named "Sakuntala and
Her Keepsake."]*

['Tis all-in-all in Kalidas—

“ The Knowing of Sakuntala ” ;

And there, too, Act the Fourth, which has

The going of Sakuntala.]

SAKUNTALA AND HER KEEPSAKE

(Rendered from the Sanskrit Play of Kalidasa)

BY

ROBY DATTA

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Cloth, Crown 8vo. 168 pages.

Das Gupta & Co., College Street, Calcutta. 1915.

OPINION OF MR. ARTHUR SYMONS.

Writing to the author, Mr. Arthur Symons (Editor of the *Athenaeum*) said (1908) :—

“You are a real poet, and have a wonderful command of the English language. Your ‘Sakuntala’ is far superior to the two English versions [of Jones and Monier-Williams]...It will take rank among the best translations in English literature.”

“Your work is a masterpiece.”

ECHOES FROM EAST AND WEST

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

STRAY NOTES OF MINE OWN

BY
ROBY DATTA.

Cloth, Gilt top, Crown 8vo. 352 pages. 3s. 6d.

Galloway and Porter, Sidney Street, Cambridge. 1909.

[To be had of Das Gupta & Co., Calcutta.]

CONTENTS.

The following books and authors have been laid under contribution :—[*Sanskrit*] the Rigveda, the Kathopanishad, the Ramayana, the Gita, Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti, Sankara, Visakhadatta, Jayadeva, etc. ; [*Pali*] the Dhammapada, Asoka, etc. ; [*Bengali*] Chandidas, Michael Dutt, Roby Tagore, Mrs. Roy, etc. ; [*Zend*] the Avesta ; [*Greek*] Homer, Archilochus, Anacreon, the Anacreontea, Simonides, Sophocles, Meleager, Alcæus, Sappho, Alcman, Pindar, Stesichorus, Praxilla, Theocritus, Palladas, etc. ; [*Latin*] Plautus, Lucretius, Vergil, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, Varro, Martial, Persius, Juvenal, Silius Italicus, Lucan, etc. ; [*Italian*] Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto ; [*Provençal*] the Lady of Vilanova ; [*French*] les Chansons de Geste, Villon, Colin Muset, Chrestien de Troyes, Wace, Marie de France, le Roman de la Rose, Passerat, Marot, Guillaume de Machault, Charles d'Orléans, Alain Chartier, Eustache Deschamps, Ronsard, Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Chénier, Lamartine, de Banville, Hugo, etc. ; [*Spanish*] Cervantes ; [*Portuguese*] Camoëns ; [*German*] the Old Saxon Genesis, the Niebelungen Lied, Max Müller's German Texts, Walther von der Vogelweide, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, etc. ; [*Friesic*] the Countess of Blessington ; [*Dutch*] Vondel ; [*Icelandic*] the Older Edda ; [*English*] Cædmon, Cynewulf, the Old English Genesis, Grein's Bibliothek, Andrew of Wyntoun, Huchown, Barbour, James I of Scotland, Henryson, Dunbar, Douglas, Lyndsay, the Cursor Mundi, Layamon, Robert Manning, Orm, the Lay of Havelok the Dane, Master Nicholas, the Gest of King Horn, Robert of Gloucester, the Pearl, Langland, Chaucer, Wyatt, Surrey, Spenser, etc.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

The Publishers' Circular : Dec, 26, 1908.

The "Echoes" comprise specimens of epic, lyric, dramatic, philosophic and religious poetry rendered from the Indic, Persic, Hellenic, Italic, Romance and Teutonic groups of Aryan languages in the style and manner of the original. The "Stray Notes" show some of the predilections of the author.

Athenæum : Feb. 13, 1909.

Besides touching on many Indian subjects, the book ranges from Homer to Robert of Gloucester and Scandinavian mythology.

The Literary World : May 15, 1909.

The translations contained in this volume are drawn, as the title suggests, from an unusually wide field. In bringing together fragments of Indian, Greek, Latin, and Teutonic epics, to say nothing of shorter forms, Mr. Roby Datta has certainly achieved an extraordinary feat in the matter of prosody in employing so great a variety of metrical forms.

Cambridge Daily News : June 19, 1909.

Recent issues of Cambridge talent are mostly poetical, and among the versifiers, presumably *in statu pupillari*, the chief honour must undoubtedly be given to Mr. Roby Datta, an Indian student, whose voluminous "Echoes from East and West" (Galloway and Porter) reveals to the full that amazing genius for adaptability which has long been so salient a characteristic of Eastern minds. One would be tempted to say that our poet had read everything and assimilated more than he has read. The modest aim of the volume is, in his own words :—

"to produce on an English gramophone some of the finest records of Indo-European songs,...to wake up at a grind the 'music of the moon' that slept 'in the plain eggs' of that nightingale enveloped in the mist of ages, the primitive Aryan of Mid-Asia, whose natural and adopted offspring are scattered over five continents,...to bring together the voices of some of the Indic, Persic, Hellenic, Italic, Romance and Teutonic makers of melodies, so that the only notable nestlings here silent are those that chirped through Celtic and Slavonic tongues."

We hasten to add that in verse Mr. Datta is far more classic than in prose. Indeed, his command of metre is really remarkable, and he has nearly everywhere succeeded in what he rightly regards as "the essential thing in these processes"—to fall into the inspiration of the original poet before attempting a rendering. Every page shows wide reading, subtle insight, and a most happy

talent for reproducing varied metrical effects. So far as we can discover he seems equally at home in practically every language, ancient and modern, European or Asiatic : though, naturally, a few rhythms have proved unmanageable for reproduction, and we are disposed to think Mr. Datta has shown himself a trifle too ambitious in some cases.

It was a happy idea, to quote a successful piece of daring, which inspired our poet to render some verses by Chandīdas—the “Burns of Bengal” in the Scotch :—

“Shame o’ mammie, shame o’ dad,
Shame o’ people an’ o’ clan,
Come atween me an’ my lad,
Whisper ‘Lea’e thy dautit man.’

“O, the heavy heavy smart,
For I wadna cease to feel
Something knockin’ at my heart
For the lad I lo’e sae weel.”

And we find another “Bengali Song” of dejection almost more musically given :—

“Where the moony moony caves
In the sea-foam dip the knee,
I will sit and sit alone,
See the billows one by one
Calling, calling, calling me”.

It should be added that Mr. Datta proves himself an adept in modernising Old English, and perhaps “The Garment of Good Ladies” is almost the gem of his old collection. It should certainly tempt one to seek out the original.

“Would my good Lady love me best,
And seek to please my mind,
I would a garment goodliest
To fit her body find.

* * *

“Her sleeves should be of hopeful mood,
To keep her from despair ;
Her gloves, of sweet house-keeping good,
To hide her fingers fair.

“Her shoes should be of certainty,
So that she might not slide ;
Her hose, I think, of honesty,
I should for her provide.”

The Modern Review : Feb. issue, 1913.

At Cambridge this summer in a graduate’s rooms I came

across, for the first time, a new volume of poetry. It had this dedication :—

Come !
 To thee,^{*}
 O long-lost,
 O mother mine,
 O high in heaven,
 This fruit of many years,
 From
 My tree,
 Now sun-gloss'd,
 Now dried by shine,
 Now shower-driven,
 I consecrate with tears !

It was published by a Cambridge bookseller, and had not made the stir in the literary world which its merits would have aroused, if it had been issued by one of the great London publishers. But Cambridge itself, so I found, had been greatly interested in it, when it first appeared ; and the young Bengali author had been admitted into a group of friends from both universities, among whom were men of the highest rank in literature and scholarship. The intellectuals among the undergraduates had also discovered him. They could not altogether understand him ; but there could be no question of his ability as a student of literature.

The book is called 'Echoes from East and West' by Roby Datta. In the preface we are told how his passion for Scottish literature began from five Professors, all Scotsmen, under whom he read in Calcutta. He also studied there his own classical Sanskrit and early English literature. The volume itself consists of a number of beautiful renderings in modern English verse of portions of the literary masterpieces of the great Indo-European Aryan race. They are taken from all languages, all ages and all lands. The only omissions are the literatures of the Slav and the Celt. To have gained a working knowledge of the many languages which are translated displays ability of no mean order ; to have grasped something of the living spirit behind each language is a gift far rarer still.

It will be easiest to explain what I have written by a group of quotations placed side by side. I have taken the following almost at random. Their connecting link is the picture of the great ocean as it appeals to each branch of the Aryan race in turn. First of all in a poem from early English literature entitled 'The Seafarer' we have a glimpse of the hardihood and perseverance

of the Norseman. Roby Datta's version with its rough, alliterative metre gives the spirit of the scene :—

I of myself can sing a true-song,
Tell my travels ; how I in days toilsome
Hours of hardship oft sufferèd,
Bitter breast-care bore within me,
On keel did come by care-dwellings many,
Horrid hurl of waves. I had oft to hold
Noisome night-watch at nodding ship-prow,
As on cliffs 'twas knocking, cold-o'ertaken.
Both my feet were frost-enfetter'd,
Cold-encumber'd ; then cares were heaving
Hotly my heart thro' ; hunger in me tore
Sea-wearied sprite. This he doth not see,
To whom earth's fortune fairly floweth,
How I all-weary o'er ice-cold sea
Waited a winter, wretched exile,
Cast away from joyful comrades.

Next to it he gives a translation in English Hexameters of the opening of Homer's 'Odyssey' :—

Tell me, O Muse, of the man much-travell'd, who very widely
Wander'd, after he left Troy's hallow'd city forwasted ;
Cities of many a folk saw he, knew also the manners ;
Many a sorrow at sea bore he in his innermost spirit,
Trying his own live soul to secure, and return of his fellows.

And then this picture of the Indian Ocean from Kalidasa may be placed side by side with the two former :—

From far, as on a wheel of iron, slender,
All blue with tamarisks and palms extended,
Out shines the briny ocean's margin yonder,
Like streak of rust-mark with the wheel-rim blended.

In each instance the genius of the Aryan race comes out vividly and freshly in the rendering,—the vision and imagination and the calm of India ; the quick intelligence and adventurous human spirit of the Greek ; the sad, indomitable hardihood of the Norseman.

"True song" says Roby Datta "floats above race and age and land, and may be heard by all. Thanks to the strenuous devotion of eminent scholars, the Muses of Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology have in recent years lightened up the path of the seeker of poetry and prosody". He goes on to express the wish, that "some future Aryan Palgrave, some soul ever athirst for Beauty and anhungered for Truth, may roam farther and farther afield through literaturers, and come back with fresher and fresher songs for real lovers of poetry in all English-

speaking lands". We feel that the noble words of his preface have been in a measure fulfilled.

Perhaps the most novel and in some ways the most important section of Roby Datta's book is that which gives a rendering of some of the best modern Indian poetry. It is fortunate that here the standard of translation is highest. I would put in the very first place a rendering from the Bengali of Rabindra Nath Tagore, entitled 'Urvasi'. The beauty of the conception of the central figure is of course Rabindra's, though its origin goes further back still and is a heritage of the ancient Indian past. But the beauty of the translation is Roby Datta's own. The music and cadence and liquid sound of the long and difficult metre he has chosen make it a true lyric which haunts the memory of the reader. I can quote here two stanzas only :---

No mother thou, no daughter thou, thou art no bride,
O maiden fair and free
O habitant of Nandan, Urvasi !
When Eve on cattle-folds doth light, her frame all tired,
with down-drawn golden veil,
Thou, in a corner of some home, dost never light the lamp
of even pale
With feet in doubt all faltering, with trembling breast,
with lowly-fallen sight,
With smiles all soft, thou goest not, in bashfulness, to
bridal couch bedight
In the still heart of night.
As is the early rise of Dawn, a veillless maiden fair,
Thou art untroubled e'er.

[illegible]

The author's translations of Michael M. S. Dutt, the Milton of Bengali literature, do not reach such a high level as this. They were written at a much earlier date, when Roby Datta's own

powers were undeveloped. The rhyming metres which he uses are in a great measure responsible for their sing-song character and wearisomeness.

On the other hand, as a method of rendering into English the Bhagavad Gita, the larger rhyming couplet, familiar to lovers of poetry from its use in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, is appropriate and serviceable. A powerful translation is given in the following lines :—

He who deems the soul a killer, he who deems it kill'd again,
Neither of them seeth rightly, for it slays not, nor is slain.
And 'tis never born, it dies not ; was not born, nor will be so ;
Birthless, changeless, prime, eternal, deathless tho' the frame
may go.

How can he who knows it to be deathless, birthless, free from
wane—

How can he, O son of Pritha, slay one, cause one to be slain ?
As a man leaves ragged garments and resorts to newer clothes,
So the soul leaves worn-out bodies and to newer bodies goes.
It cannot be cleaved by weapons, it cannot be burnt by fire,
It cannot be spoilt by water, it cannot be dried by air ;
It cannot be cleaved or burnt out, it cannot be spoilt or dried,
Present ev'rywhere, eternal, firm, unmoving, sure to bide ;
It cannot be felt or thought of, it cannot be changed, 'tis
shown ;—

Wherefore, knowing thus its nature, it behoves thee not to
groan.

And if thou dost think it to be ever born or ever dying,
Even then it is not proper, mighty-arm'd, to be thus sighing.
For, the born shall die for certain, and the dead again be
born ;

Wherefore, it is not becoming over reachless things to mourn.
Both the primal and the final states of beings are unseen ;
Only seen the middle state is ;—there is nought to mourn,
I ween.

Some men look on this as wondrous : this as wondrous some
proclaim :

Others hear of this as wondrous : hearing, few can know the
same.

Since in each one's body never can the 'bodied soul be slain,
Child of Bharat, 'tis not proper over all to mourn in vain.
'Tis not meet for thee to falter, looking to thy duty right ;
To a Kshat^{ra} there is nothing better than a righteous fight.

Here the didactic character of the poem, which makes it necessary to pause often and ponder over the meaning suits admirably the metre chosen. Also for memorising purposes the long rhyming couplets stick easily in the mind.

Later on in the book there is a fine translation of a Vedic Hymn given in a metre which has been borrowed from the Sanskrit. This new form of English metre may very possibly find favour with English poets in the future, just as Italian measures have found favour in the past. It has a strength of its own quite unlike that of blank verse.

In the following stanzas, the refrain at the end of every fourth line breaks the monotony and gives a powerful effect to the whole :—

Who, soon as he was born, the first, high-minded,
Himself a God, the Gods by might exceeded,
Before whose breath both Heaven and Earth did
tremble

For might of manhood ; he, O men, is Indra.

Who caused the Earth that stagger'd to be stedfast,
Who caused the Hills that moved to cease from motion,
Who measured out the mid-air all too ample,
Who set up Heaven ; he, O men, is Indra.

* * * *

Without whose help the people may not conquer,
Whom in the midmost fight for help they summon,
Who of the Universe became the image,
Who shakes the unshaken ; he, O men, is Indra.

Who all the carriers of mighty evil,
Ere yet they knew their danger, slew by thunder,
Who to the bold concedeth not his boldness,
Who slays the Dasyu ; he, O men, is Indra.

Among the many translations given of mediæval poets I would select the following which forms a part of Dante's famous description of Beatrice as she passes before his spiritual vision. The solemnity and stillness of the scene are well expressed in the English version, which preserves also the Italian rhyming sequence and metre :—

There morning had been made, and evening here,
Almost by yonder pass ; and all was white
That half, and black the other half of sphere,
When Beatrice on the left did light ;
I saw her roll'd and at the sun agaze ;
An eagle ne'er so fixt on it her sight.
And as a second ray is wont to blaze
From out the first, and up to rearise,
Like pilgrim who would fain his steps retrace,
So from her action, molten thro' the eyes
In mine imagination, mine I caught,
And fixt eyes sunward in unwonted guise.

* * * *

And suddenly it seem'd that morn to morn
 Was added, as if He Who hath the might
 Did with another sun the heaven adorn.
 All Beatrice stood with fix'd sight
 Upon the wheel etern, and I on her
 Did fix my look, far sunder'd from the height.

At the end of the book the author offers some verses of his own,—fragments all too few and all too sparingly and modestly given. We may hope that they are but the prelude to a new book of verse, no longer the rendering of others' thoughts, but all original. The apprenticeship is now surely over and the workman should begin to carve out a destiny for himself.

Roby Datta states his own preference for a sonnet which he has written on 'Paradise Lost'. There are some good lines in this sonnet, but the whole effect is artificial. My own clear preference would be for the lines inscribed 'To a Poet-Painter' which show a power of handling that most difficult of all forms of English poetry, blank verse. I will give the lines, so that the reader may judge for himself :—

O thou, whose mellow-sounding whispers are
 As of a leaf by Zephyr newly kiss'd,
 Bright angel,—stay ; and, while the liquid breeze
 Showers all its wealth of incense on thy locks
 New-kindling into ringlets bright, accept
 Such gift as from the rustic hand doth fall
 In honour to a heavenly guest, that sings
 Of joy Elysian in another sky,
 Rich, lightning-like, serene, we know not what,
 So fair and weird it seems ! accept, and touch
 Once more with tune divine these trembling ears
 That lean to catch thy song. Then, when my soul
 Is steep'd in music flashing drop by drop
 Into the sense enchanted, O arise,
 Fair guest ; and in a cloud of golden fire
 Wing upward to thy poet-painter's heaven,
 And leave us, sons of earth, in wonder mute
 Upgazing at thy fadeless form divine
 And weeds of heavenly dye, which never change
 With changes swift of ever-veering Time.

This is my own favourite, though I could have wished it to have ended two lines earlier. Side by side with this I would place a short lyric written in the dialect of Burns, called 'The Refusal' :—

I spak to her, "O be na stirr'd,
 My ain, my winsome dearie" ;
 I spak to her, "O tell me, fair,
 Why looks' thou unco' weary ?"

But Meg she utter'd not a word,
But Meg she gie'd no blushin'
On face and cheek that wax sae sleek
As dreams o' luve come rushin'.

O aft an' after, bonnie bird,
My fancies o'er thee luver ;
Gin thou but say that waefu' "nay",
Then thou has' kill'd thy luver !

These two poems, that I have transcribed, were written ten and eleven years ago. Those written in later years among the original poems do not come up to these. But among the translations which I have quoted by far the greater number were written only a few years ago in 1908. That was clearly the *annus mirabilis* of translation. It included the lyric translation of Rabindra's *Urvashi*.

The book before me was published at the end of 1908 ; and it is strange that its very existence was unknown to me till I visited Cambridge this year, and that, as far as I know, no notice of it has appeared in the Indian Press. It is not that the young poet is at all denationalised, or writing dilettante verses for a foreign audience. The ardour of devotion to India breathes in every page. It is to serve his country, to bring the treasures of his country before the eyes of the wider world, that he devotes a lover's care to the translations of these poems. His verses are always aflame when he comes to India.

I would hasten to pay this late tribute to the young poet in return for the pleasure this volume has given me. It has been with me during this summer in England, and I have had it by my side on journeys up and down the country during wet and sunless days ; and it has brought back again and again to me the vision of India with all its beauty, its pathos, and its charm. To quote once again from 'Urvashi' lines which express something of the longing for India, mixed with sadness, which rises, I know not how in the heart,—

From someone sever'd long from love a long-drawn sigh,
all mingled, comes this way !
When, on the full moon's sheeny night, the quarters ten
are fill'd with smiles all o'er,
A far-off memory from somewhere doth play a pipe
that saddens evermore.

And showers of tear-drops pour :

Still Hope doth ever keep awake within the soul's outcry.

“Still Hope doth ever keep awake within the soul's outcry.” This also is true,—true of young India that can produce such devoted and passionate lovers as this young Bengali writer. A people of bright intelligence, quick imagination, and spiritual

vision, such as is represented in this volume, need never despair. The future is with them, when once the shackles, which bound them in the past, have been removed. The modern world is moving forward not merely towards great armaments and gigantic commerce, but also towards a universal appreciation of high literary and artistic ability. The lines of intercommunication have been opened up for thought and poetry, as well as for bales of cotton and machinery. The possession of such gifts as this volume denotes is a rarer quality in the world to-day than mechanical contrivance. America with all its millionaires has scarcely produced a single poet for a whole generation. India is rapidly regaining her spiritual pre-eminence in the East, and that eminence is now being recognised in the West. The visit of Rabindra Nath Tagore to Europe may well prove a turning point in literary history. He has been honoured by those who have come in contact with him as no poet has been honoured within recent years. It remains for the younger aspiring poets and writers of modern India to follow in their great leader's footsteps. They must go deep down into the heart of India herself, the Motherland, and find there their treasures of art and poetry and song, and then interpret their message to the West.

'Still Hope doth ever keep awake within the soul's outcry.'

DELHI.

C. F. ANDREWS.

[This review was reprinted in part in the Calcutta " Empire " of Feb. 5, 1913.]

A FEW OPINIONS.

Mr. E. J. Thomas, Classical Scholar, Emmanuel College, Cambridge, wrote (Feb. 20, 1909) :

"You have got a wonderfully interesting collection of translations. Those which interest me most at the present moment are the Vedic Hymns. I should also like to know something of the originals of the Bengali poems. I like your plan for translating 'The Weird Wheel of Simaetha' better than Headlam's, and this means that I agree with your general theory of translating rather than with his."

Dr. H. F. Heath of the Board of Education, London, wrote (Oct. 13, 1909) :—

"I am sure I shall read your book with enjoyment".

Prof. W. W. Skeat of Christ's College, Cambridge, wrote (Oct. 15, 1909) :—

"I am very glad that so many [poems] 'from the East' have been included, as they are by no means familiar to most of us."

Mr. Edmund Gosse, Librarian to the House of Lords, wrote (Oct. 29, 1909) :—

“Your interesting and skilful volume of translations from ‘East and West.’”

Prof. E. Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin, wrote (Sept. 23, 1910) :—

“It is full of interest for me, and I wonder at the breadth of your scholarship, and your accomplishment as a writer of English verse.”

Mr. E. A. Helps, son of the late Sir Arthur Helps, wrote (June 3, 1912) :—

“I am compiling an anthology of poetry of the Empire, containing specimens of the work of the most eminent writers of the great Dominions, India and the Crown Colonies, and I should much like to include one or two poems from ‘Echoes from East and West’.”

[In his “Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain” (Dent) Mr. Helps has quoted ‘Good and Bad Thoughts’ (Echoes, p. 328), ‘A Song of Ind’ (Echoes, p. 64) and ‘On Tibet’ (Stray Notes, p. 350).]

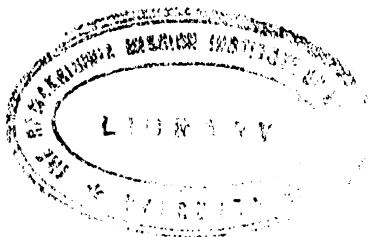
*Indians and Orientalists have specially appreciated the following poems :—*The Lay of the Lord p. 14, p. 24, The Days Fly p. 63, A Song of Ind p. 64, Love’s Weal and Woe p. 67, A Twilight Serenade p. 68, Lines Written in Dejection p. 73, On Sakuntala p. 83, The Longing of Radha p. 128, Urvasi p. 131, Prajapati p. 186, Nachiketas p. 207, India from the Indian Ocean p. 232, Dushyanta and the Deer p. 235, Indra p. 258, The Poet’s Kindred Soul p. 336.

*Classical scholars have specially appreciated the following poems :—*To Pyrrha p. 88, A Hymn to Venus p. 135, An Ode on the Death of a Sparrow p. 137, Alceus and Sappho p. 140, The Weird Wheel of Simætha p. 151, The Plaint of Corydon p. 153, Thyrsis p. 174, The Calm of Nature p. 192, The Dreamy Man p. 197, Heliadora p. 202, The Odyssey p. 223, The Victory of Psauimis p. 241, Tiresome Writings p. 293, The Poet’s Immortality p. 333.

*Italian and French scholars have specially appreciated the following poems :—*Mary Stuart’s Farewell to France p. 37, The Divine Comedy p. 92, Sarah at the Bath p. 123, The Lake p. 148, Rodrigue p. 166, Hermione p. 168, The Dames of the Olden Time p. 179, Saint Eulalia p. 181, A Ballata on Laura’s Veil p. 274, A Villanelle on a Turtledove p. 277, A Lullaby in Pantomim p. 279, A Triolet on Beauty’s Charms p. 283, An Ode on a Rose p. 286, Beatrice p. 316, The Young Widow p. 317.

*Lovers of German and allied languages have specially appreciated the following poems:—*The Lay of the Nibelungs p. 110, Dream-Pictures p. 147, Amalia p. 165, Balder's Dream p. 212, Shadowy Shapes p. 215, Lucifer p. 217, The Maid of Orleans p. 255, A Ghazel on Worldly Wisdom p. 309, Love Locked up p. 310, Love under the Linden-tree p. 312, Gritty's Song p. 314.

*Lovers of English Literature have specially appreciated the following poems:—*The Pearl p. 89, Merciless Beauty p. 106, The Garment of Good Ladies p. 138, A Sonnet on Elizabeth's Name p. 144, Satar p. 219, The Seafarer p. 225, The Wanderer p. 227, Beowulf's Voyage p. 239, The Battle of Maldon p. 246, Chaucer's Appearance p. 289, The Merry Monk p. 297, A Moral Ode p. 308.



ORIGINAL POEMS BY ROBY DATTA

READY FOR PRINT.

(1) POEMS, PICTURES AND SONGS

to which is prefixed

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART.

(2) STORIES IN BLANK VERSE

to which is added

AN EPIC FRAGMENT.

Some poems in these collections appeared in the *New India* (June 19 and June 26, 1902), the *Dawn* (September, October, November, and December, 1903), and the *Dacca Review* (October and November, 1911). 'The Philosophy of Art' appeared in the *Calcutta University Magazine* (November, 1902).

